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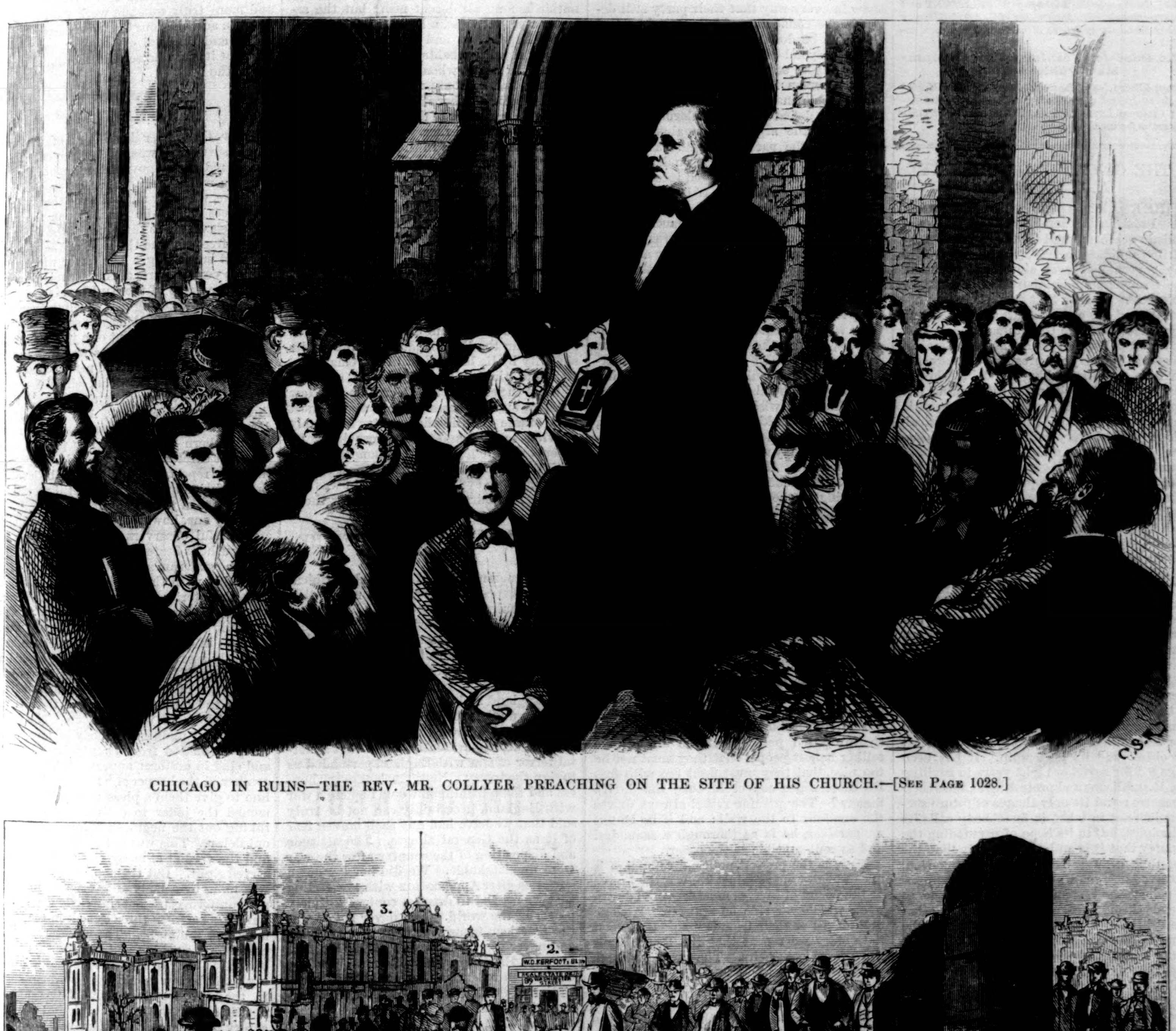
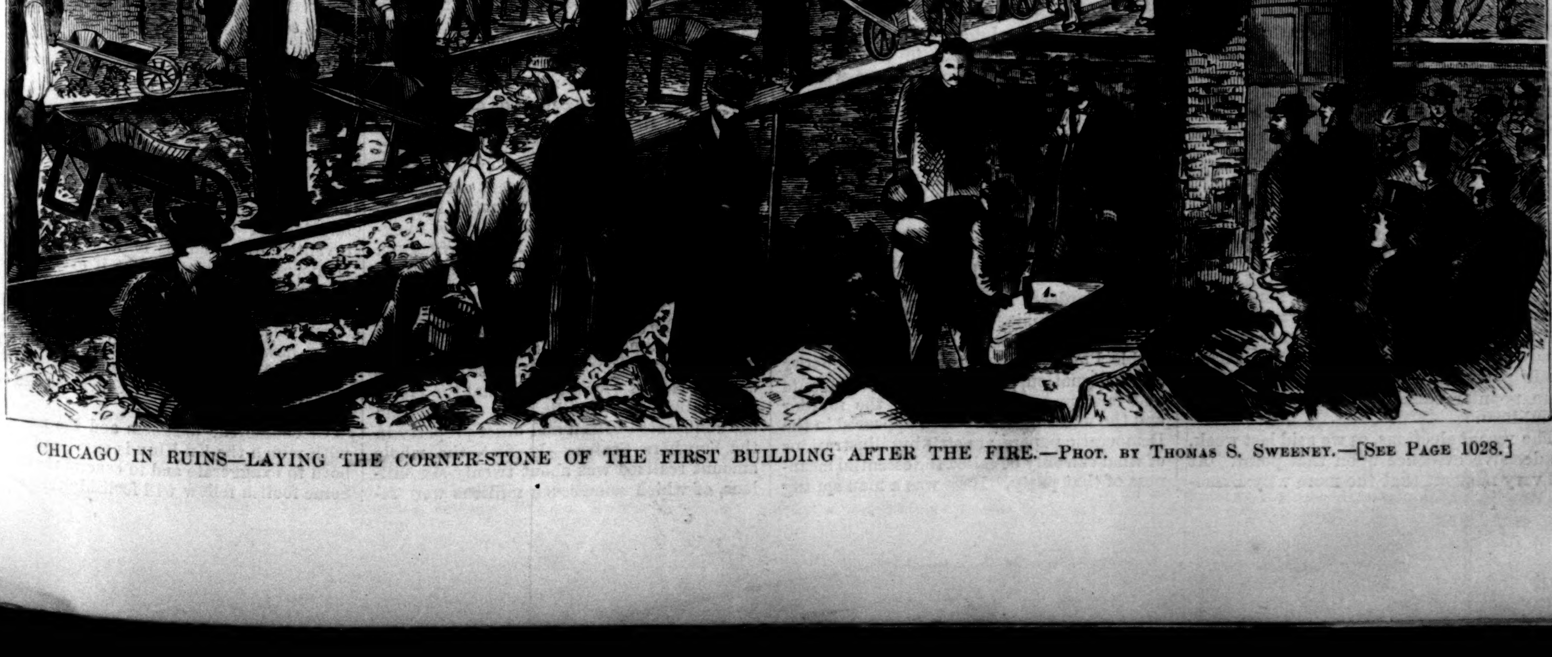


CHICAGO IN RUINS—THE REV. MR. COLLYER PREACHING ON THE SITE OF HIS CHURCH.—[See Page 1028.]



CHICAGO IN RUINS—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE FIRST BUILDING AFTER THE FIRE.—Phot. by Thomas S. Sweeney.—[See Page 1028.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1871.

Circulation 275,000 Copies.

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THE CAMPAIGN OF HONESTY AND KNAVERY.

THE Republican party, which made its first Presidential nomination in 1856, and polled twelve hundred thousand votes, elected its candidate in 1860, and has controlled the government ever since, except under the treacherous administration of ANDREW JOHNSON. During that time the party has maintained the government, abolished slavery, established the Union upon the rock of civil and political equality, and now, amidst universal industry and prosperity, is reducing taxation and diminishing the debt, while it peacefully settles the most threatening foreign questions. Meanwhile the Democratic party, whose relation to the war is historical, which resisted every humane and wise measure of settlement, and could find nothing constitutional but slavery and injustice, has been steadily forced to profess acquiescence in all that it has opposed as revolutionary and void. Its most sagacious leaders see that the public mind is resolved upon maintaining the Republican policy, and they endeavor to accommodate themselves to the actual situation.

Their professions, of course, do not remove the profound popular distrust of that party, because it is remembered that its most unscrupulous and dangerous element always controlled it. As in the State of New York the Tammany Ring has been the absolute master of the party, so that the Legislature merely registered the will of Mr. TWEED, so in the country the interest of the great slave-masters was the policy of the party. With the destruction of slavery the party has lost its object and its leadership. It has been engaged for seven or eight years in reviling the Republicans and protesting against their measures; and its only chance of future success lies not in what it facetiously calls its principles, but in its hope of persuading the country that it is an honester party than the Republican. It rails at Republican taxation, extravagance, and swindling, and promises to collect the revenues more wisely and to spend them more economically. In other words, the Democratic party appeals to the country upon its character. The Democrats, or many of them, declare that they will respect the national settlement which the Republicans have made, and acquiesce honestly in the situation. They do not propose to abolish the tariff; they say they will not attempt repudiation; but they declare that they will respect the Union and the Constitution, and lighten the public burden.

That is, indeed, not a universal declaration of the party. It is divided; but we take the most promising aspect of the situation. The question, then, for the country is—assuming that the settlement is to remain, that the debt is to be honestly paid, that equal rights are every where to be maintained, that foreign and domestic revenues are to be collected; in a word, assuming that the whole question is one of administration only—which party can most wisely be trusted for that purpose? Evidently the moment that the country believes that the question really is one of administration only, it will decide according to its conviction of the comparative honesty of the parties. It is becoming, therefore, very much a question of character rather than of policy: and is the character of the Democratic party such that it is likely to win more popular confidence than that of the Republican?

The recent elections, as we said last week, are decisive evidence upon that point. At the very moment that the more wily Democratic chiefs were hoping that professed acquiescence would disarm public suspicion, the Tammany frauds were exposed. Events have shown that many honorable Democrats refused to acknowledge longer the leadership of the men who were guilty; but it is none the less true that the controlling power of the Ring-masters in the party is so great that they could exclude the honest Democrats from their State Convention. Those honest Democrats will make common cause with honest Republicans against the Ring at the city elections in November; but it is doubtful if they could prevail in an unaided contest. They are not the party. That is to say, that at the point where the Democratic party has the most indisputable ascendency its dishonesty is so conspicuous and defiant that the whole country is appalled, and yet the better men in the party can not alone break its power.

The paramount duty of Republicans, therefore, if these views are correct, is to show in every way that their party still deserves the confidence of honest men. And this is to be done by nominating only candidates beyond all suspicion, and by stoutly refusing to support all others. If a suspicious person is regularly nominated by the Republicans, let Republicans take care that he is defeated, nor be alarmed by the threats or the arguments against such a course. If the party discipline and order are pleaded, the reply is that no decent man will be disciplined and ordered into supporting doubtful candidates. If it is said that the other side is as bad, and that a Republican rascal is better than a Democratic, the reply is that no rascal can be trusted, and that the Republican party can not afford to be identified with rascality. If in this particular election it is urged that we endanger the choice of a United States Senator, the reply is that the choice is not endangered by those who decline to support suspicious candidates, but by those who nominate them. And, in general, let it be distinctly understood by every Republican who is balancing between a doubtful Republican of the kind that Tammany wishes to see and an honest Democrat of the kind that Tammany hates, that every argument which is used to persuade him to-day will be a hundredfold stronger to-morrow. If we are to be whipped in by such arguments to support a doubtful and hesitating virtue to-day, they will scourge us to vote for thorough scoundrelism to-morrow.

Does any Republican think that a Legislature of Republicans like Mr. WINANS would be more advantageous to the State or to the party than a Legislature of honest Democrats? Yet, if we ought to vote for a single WINANS, we ought equally to vote for a whole Assembly of them. And could there be any surer way of defeating the party? There is no duller blunder than the supposition that the schemers and tricksters and unscrupulous men of a party are its shrewdest managers, and that honor and decency are impracticable in politics. There are shallow-pated politicians who are always telling honest people that they must not be too nice, that they must fight fire with fire. Do these sages expect to burn the devil's fingers? The genuine rascal always drives the amateur to the wall: and if he be not an amateur, he is as thorough a scoundrel and as contemptible as the other.

Now, as the present political campaign is one of honest men against knaves, the knave or the friend of knaves must be voted down, upon whichever side he appears. If there are knaves or their friends nominated upon both sides, we repeat that the Republicans must not elect theirs. The great point to carry in the election is the repeal of the Tammany charter, and the choice of State officers who will pursue Tammany and all other public iniquities to the end. Now the Republican State ticket is composed of men against whom no word has been or can be truly spoken. The Democratic ticket is acceptable to Tammany. It was nominated by a Convention which was controlled by Mr. TWEED in the lobby. That should be enough for all men. But in the city the Democrats will be divided. There will be the Tammany ticket and the ticket of honest men. In supporting the latter the Republicans will maintain the character of their party, and in helping to overthrow the Tammany domination, and purify State politics, they will be doing the highest patriotic duty.

THE MURDER OF CATTO.

THE murder of Mr. CATTO, a colored teacher in Philadelphia, whose portrait appeared in this paper last week, the meeting of honorable Philadelphians to express sympathy and indignation, and the sneering comments and misrepresentation both of the murder and the meeting which have appeared in the Democratic papers, are striking illustrations of what can only be called the essential meanness of that party. Here was a man sprung of a race which had been held in the worst slavery, and whose very color was a badge of social degradation in a country which professes to honor men simply as men—and a white man knows how hard is the struggle of life when, as in his case, there are no factitious disadvantages; but a man who, like CATTO, quietly braving all the cruel obstructions which contempt, ignorance, prejudice, and hatred throw in his way, devotes himself to the elevation and instruction of his younger brethren in misfortune, and who by his superior intelligence, industry, and stainless character wins the respect and confidence of the best men around him, is worthy of an admiration which is seldom due to a white man under the same circumstances.

Such a man, closing his school in the afternoon upon election day, and quietly walking homeward, is accosted by a white bully, who insults him, levels a pistol, and shoots him on the spot. It would seem as if there could be but one feeling of shame and indignation among all decent men; but the assassin was, of course, a Democrat, his victim was a Republican, and the Democratic papers teem with ribaldry at the fuss made over a dead negro, when scores of white men are murdered without public excitement. It is, we repeat, another illustration of the unspeakable meanness of the Democratic party toward the colored race. That party struggled to hold the race in the most loathsome slavery, and to secure that end it sought the destruction of the government. Baffled in every foul design against them, it can now only encourage the Ku-Klux which harries the colored people in the Southern States, and jeer and insult them even in their bloody graves when murdered by drunken or merely devilish Democrats in the North.

This is the party some of whose Northern leaders affect to acquiesce in the settlement of the war, and which promises to maintain and defend the rights of all citizens more surely than the Republicans! It proved its sincerity by its bitter hostility to emancipation and the civil and political equality bills, by the slaughters at Memphis and New Orleans, by its incessant gibes at the most unfortunate class in the country honorably striving to rise, and now shows it by its sneers over the grave of this honorable and modest citizen of Philadelphia, whose offense in Democratic eyes is that his skin was not white. By their works ye shall know them.

THE GENERAL'S VIEW OF THE TREATY.

THE generous gifts of England to Chicago, the escape of the *Horton*, the celebration of the opening of the British and American railroad at Bangor, and the Philadelphia speech of the irrepressible General BUTLER were almost simultaneous events. The President of the United States and the Governor-General of Canada expressed the hearty hope that England and America would be drawn closer in undisturbed friendship; but General BUTLER sighs over the surrender that we have made, and evidently thinks that a mortal terror of war with England persuaded us to sign the treaty. Now, much as every honest and thoughtful man would deplore a war with England, it certainly can not be truly said that we have had any such craven fear of it as the General alleges. The attitude and disposition of the country after the war were unmistakable. We did not lay down our arms after Appomattox with any feeling that we needed to dread a contest with any power in the world. And never before was the American name so universally respected, and never was the power of the nation more feared. England surely did not show any disposition to exasperate us. In the negotiation of the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty every thing that we asked was instantly granted; and when we flung that treaty out of the window, England said, with patient good humor, and with no spirit of defiance or provocation, that if she could only ascertain what we wanted, she was very willing to agree.

Indeed, General BUTLER concedes that England did not wish war with us; but he will have it that Mr. HOAR and Judge NELSON and their associates quaked at the bare thought of the ramping lion, and made an agreement by which we get nothing whatever. The General, if he were only disposed to be lenient to the pale cravens who signed away our pride and honor, might at least remember that they persuaded England to express regret—something which Mr. SUMNER denounced as a fatal omission in the JOHNSON treaty, and something which Dr. FRANKLIN could not obtain at the Treaty of Versailles. Why our negotiators trembled, the General does not clearly set forth. Indeed, his clear statements are misstatements, as usual. He says, for instance, that the Treasury realized forty millions of dollars from the confiscated cotton and other property in the Southern States. In fact, the whole amount realized was about twenty-six millions, of which some seven millions were restored to the owners; and for the rest, if any Englishman held a lawful claim, he had adequate standing in the courts. So that for this matter only the tribunal was changed.

The only object which the General seems to have had in the speech was to make a little cheap notoriety by an appeal to what he evidently believes to be the chronic hatred of England in the American breast. And, oddly enough, the affair of the *Horton*, in which Gloucester, his political residence, was deeply interested, occurred at the same time. But that is an event of which our self-respect and our precedents will, apparently, require us to give an explanation. We can not help thinking that in welcoming the iron bond between the British possessions and the United States, and in the prompt charity of its great cities toward our suffering city of the West, the President and his cabinet, and the New England Governors, with the Governor-General of Canada and England herself, were doing a nobler and more truly humane work than General BUTLER accusing our Commissioners of cowardice and England of bullying, and insisting that it was a miserable, moribund country at the best.

THE KU-KLUX.

THAT the bitter hostilities of the war would survive it, was to be expected. That the hatred of the government and of the influences which were victorious would long continue, was only natural; and that its consequences should be turned upon the race whose slavery was the cause of the war, and whose freedom was the sign of the victory, was not surprising. The terror which prevails in certain parts of the late rebel States, under the name of the Ku-Klux, is undeniable. Yet how strong party feeling upon the subject is at the North may be seen in the fact that when the statement of a just man from one of the Southern States was read in the Senate, that fifty thousand persons had been murdered by the Ku-Klux since the war closed, it was asserted by an opponent that there had not been one. And we are still, despite railroads and telegraphs, so far from the Southern States, that few persons who have not carefully read or heard the unquestionable reports are willing to believe in the confusion and terror that still prevail in many parts of that region.

If any one, however, will talk with quiet and careful observers from the interior of the Southern States, who are really friendly to the government, yet who would live peaceably with their neighbors, he will find that the stories of the Ku-Klux are true. An indirect proof of it is in such a tale as the following, which we know to be true. A negro in one of the Southern States had violently assaulted both a black girl and a white woman. He was brought to the jail by a crowd of whites and blacks, including among the latter the father of the girl, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The same night about midnight a body of men, variously estimated from twenty-five to forty, and clad in uniform, appeared in the village, awakened the keeper of "the store," ordered him to give them a piece of rope, then summoned the jailer to deliver the keys, and taking out the negro, they hung him without delay. This was not a political offense, and the verdict of many will be that he was served right. But the point is that the man was hung by a body of persons in uniform, and uniforms are not improvised for such purposes between three o'clock in the afternoon and midnight. The uniform was prepared for a purpose, and was the sign of an organized body of lawless men. It is idle to say that the law would have been powerless in the case, for the colored father was as hostile as any white man could be; and had a jury been composed exclusively of the offender's own race, he would have suffered.

The significant fact in all this lawlessness and terror is that it is chiefly political. The masked blow of the Ku-Klux always falls upon some loyal man, black or white, and always upon a Republican. Democrats are unharmed. It is not a terror for those who attempted to destroy the government during the war, but for those who sustained it. The conclusion is irresistible that it is an organization of Democrats. This fact is made still more unquestionable by the denials and sneers of Northern Democrats. They call it rawhead and bloody-bones, a bugaboo of scared radicals, and a device invented to authorize military coercion of Democratic districts. But if every victim in the Southern States who is taken from his home and scourged, or mangled, or murdered were a Democrat instead of a Republican, how the land would ring with the cry that a radical Administration abandoned innocent citizens to the tender mercies of savages!

Of course the darkness and the mystery with which the Ku-Klux is enveloped serve both to exaggerate and to conceal the truth. Some foolish fellow will foolishly threaten a neighbor, who will laugh at him for his pains and publish his threat, and it will then be said that such folly is a specimen of the Ku-Klux. But the long list of terrible outrages which are authenticated, the suffering privately revealed and proved by the scarred person, but which even the sufferer will not publish, lest murder should follow scourging—these things are not ridiculous. They argue a state of society which is simply intolerable, and for whose continuance all who scornfully affect to disbelieve are morally responsible. If the Democratic party were resolved that the Ku-Klux should disappear, it would be heard of no more. If it were as anxious to restore and confirm the tranquillity of the Southern States as it is to throw the odium of military despotism upon a government which seeks to protect innocent citizens from cruel lawlessness, that lawlessness would cease. The country will not forget that the Democratic party sustains the Ku-Klux by affecting to deny its existence; that the terror which is undeniable in certain parts of the Southern States is Democratic; and that the party whose leaders refuse to assist the authorities in maintaining order hopes to elect a President and obtain control of the government.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE RING.

The response of Governor Hoffman to the Committee of Seventy was very significant. He promised to do all that he could, and to ask the Attorney-General to consult with Mr. Charles O'Conor upon the extent of his powers. This last promise was very suggestive. It was not so merely because of that counselor's eminence in his profession, but because Mr. Champlain, the Attorney-General, is known to be acceptable to the Tammany Ring, while Mr. O'Conor has defied it. The answer of Governor Hoffman shows that he has probably broken with the Ring. This, if it be so, is a subject of congratulation. It can not save the Governor's political fall, but it breaks it with a certain degree of good feeling. Mr. Hoffman made the fatal mistake of intrusting his political fortunes to the most unscrupulous clique of his party. It made him Governor by fraud, and its control of him was so absolute that he was forced to do many things for which he undoubtedly begs the charity of oblivion.

But at the time of the riots in July, when the Mayor, Mr. Oakey Hall, prostituted his office to serve the basest passions, and to strike at the most sacred rights of American citizens, the Governor declared that those rights should be maintained. This was the sign of breaking with the Ring, and his reply to the Committee of Seventy shows that the breach is not healed. If the Ring, as is very probable, seeks to make trouble at the election, the chief executive of the State will not be its accomplice. In all these facts there is a lesson which is worth observing. It is that all is *not* fair in politics, and that an aspiring politician can not safely consort with political sharpers. For some months Mr. Hoffman was considered to be the probable Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The State of New York and plenty of money were supposed to be the conditions of Democratic success. The Tammany organization was the most complete and the most powerful in the party. The Ring at its head would guarantee the State of New York for the candidate, and would furnish money enough—stolen, as now appears, from the people of the city—for the campaign elsewhere. It would ask only to name the candidate, and its man was one whom it believed to be its humble servant.

That Mr. Hoffman felt his dependence upon such men and such means to be a harassing slavery, may well be believed. But in politics sophistry and blindness are always conveniently at hand. That he winced at the necessity of signing the Erie bill, his message upon the subject showed. That he sometimes heartily wished himself free of the odious alliance, need not be doubted. But he had entered upon public life with nothing but his profession behind him, and the hopes and blandishments of the career led him on. Whether the bill by which Mr. Oakey Hall hoped to muzzle that part of the press which he and his accomplices could not frighten or bribe first revealed to him the real character and fatal tendency of the Ring, we do not know. But he refused to sign it, and an essential part of the plot of the Tammany conspirators against the property and the rights of the people was baffled. This was followed by the Governor's refusal to support Hall's surrender to the mob in July. And this, in turn, by the declaration that ample military preparation should be made for the preservation of the public peace against the designs of Tammany, and that his official conduct would be guided by the advice of a lawyer who is unsparing in his hostility to the Ring.

All this is the more creditable to the Governor as it is fatal to the political hopes he had cherished. He was so closely allied with Tammany that to defy its power was to defeat himself. But he has had enough self-respect and regard for his high office to look only at his duty and the public welfare. He has done something to remove from his name the stain that association with Tammany had given it; and his action in this great crisis has undoubtedly commended him to the kinder consideration of the best men of his own party, as it has to the judgment of his political opponents.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.

Of Harper's Weekly for the present week 300,000 copies have been ordered. One house—the American News Company—ordered considerably over 50,000 copies; the New England News Company, of Boston, ordered 40,000 copies; the Western News Company, whose place of business is Chicago, ordered from the ruins of their office 30,000 copies. Thus these three houses alone ordered over 120,000 copies.

To produce in time this extraordinary edition the forms or pages which contain illustrations are electrotyped, and four different casts are taken of them, to be worked on as many rapid steam-power presses, which are kept going night and day during five days. The plain sides are printed on other and more rapid presses. It is probable that no other house in the country could print, in the required time, such an edition, which is really equal, the Supplement being reckoned, to 450,000 copies of the paper.

For some time past the circulation of Harper's Weekly has been so steadily and rapidly increasing that the publishers have been unable to keep up with the demand, and on a number of occasions have not been able to fill the actual orders received for it.

This success of Harper's Weekly is an evidence of the manner in which the American people appreciate true courage and independence in a journal. The Weekly has made incessant war upon the Tammany Ring, regardless of the fact that its course procured its publishers the enmity of the corrupt leaders among the Democrats, who took their revenge, not only in this city, but in California and elsewhere, by excluding the excellent school-books of Messrs. Harper from the common schools. But that which displeased the corruptionists has won for Harper's Weekly the confidence of the great public, and has been one of the features which has brought the paper to its present extraordinary circulation. Its conductors have aimed to make not only a model illustrated paper, giving promptly and in the best style accurate and artistic pictures of the leading events of the day, but they have made, also, a journal conducted on sound and just principles, faithful to liberty, to honesty, and sound morals, and independent in the truest sense of the word. Its editorials are always able and thoughtful, and its literary matter is as valuable as its artistic work.

The low price at which, in these days, the best productions of artists and writers are furnished to the public is curiously shown by such a journal as Harper's Weekly. If we count the Weekly with its Supplement, which is now regularly given, each number contains the equivalent of 88 pages of Harper's Magazine, or of an octavo volume of 300 or 400 pages printed in open type. And yet this mass of matter, illustrated by the ablest and most popular artists, is sold for ten cents. Only a very large circulation could remunerate a publisher for such an outlay as is represented in the pictures, editorials, tales, and other literary matter of every number of Harper's Weekly.

Harper's Magazine is only second in its circulation to Harper's Weekly. Its regular monthly sales now reach over 130,000 copies.

It is certainly an extraordinary fact that, reckoning the population of the United States at 40,000,000, and the combined circulation of Harper's Weekly and Magazine at 400,000, it would seem that one in every hundred of the population actually buys either the Magazine or the Weekly. What an immense educational power this is; and how fortunate for the country that this great influence is in the hands of able, conscientious, and patriotic men!—*New York Times.*

PERSONAL.

After the conflagration at Chicago, Robert Collyer, the eloquent preacher, told his people, as they worshiped beside the ruins of their burned church, that he had once preached for seventy-five cents a year, and was ready for their sakes to do it again; and that, if the worst came, he could still make as good a horseshoe as any blacksmith in Chicago—a practical illustration of his own lecture on "Clear Grit."

—Mr. Superintendent Miller, of the Insurance Department, who recently returned from Europe after three months' absence, met with a cordial reception from the Board of Underwriters. The announcement of his determination to render every aid to companies temporarily embarrassed by the Chicago fire, and, if necessary, to go to the Legislature for additional power to relieve, met with warm approval. The compliments paid to the ability and integrity of the Superintendent were the more valuable coming as they did from prominent underwriters who, in political sentiment, were opposed to him.

—In one of his recent entertaining sketches and anecdotes of public men, Colonel Forney speaks of the peculiar dialect of the negro, and names several speakers of the South, eminent for oratory, whose pronunciation was strongly marked by it. James M. Mason, of Virginia, seemed to delight in the African accent. But there was no better specimen than the late Thomas H. Bayly, for many years the representative in Congress from the Accomac district. He was a man of some force and education, and yet would address "Mr. Speakah," and refer to the honorable member who has just had the "flo." Keitt, of South Carolina, Linn Boyd, of Kentucky, and Howell Cobb, of Georgia, had the same peculiarity, as have Henry A. Wise, Thomas S. Bocock, and Jeff Davis.

—Mr. Thurlow Weed, after having been for a quarter of a century the Warwick of his party, and now living in elegant retirement, has finally brought himself to the point of being regularly pensioned off by the government for services rendered. In 1812 he served as a soldier on the frontier of this State, and by a recent act of Congress the 1812 men are placed on the pension roll. He is now fortunately placed beyond further want by the $8 per month, which comes just in time to be of service in his old age; for, with the generosity which has always characterized him, he at once dedicated the avails of his pension to the needs of an old comrade, to whom the check received from Washington on Saturday was paid on Monday.

—In the year 1791 Benjamin Franklin bequeathed to Boston and Philadelphia $5000 each, to be loaned in small sums to mechanics. He calculated the fund would reach in one hundred years over $650,000, and gave directions as to its investment. The Boston fund amounts now to $142,038 90, and is well invested. The Philadelphia fund has been less thriftily managed, and amounts to less than $50,000.

—A pleasant story comes fresh from Spain of King Amadeus, and how he astonished the gentlemen in attendance on him. While out in Tarragona Bay he began to strip off his clothes. The General asked the King what he was going to do. "I am going to have a swim," called out Amadeus the First, and straightway, to the terror of his companion, he threw a somersault into the Mediterranean. Nothing worse came of the adventure than the shock given to the sensibilities of the General, who is represented as having been in the direst state of consternation while his Majesty was disporting himself in the waves. Considering the difficulty the Spaniards might experience in procuring another king if either a sudden cramp or a disloyal shark had complicated the affairs of government by interfering with the bath of Amadeus, the anxiety manifested by the General on this occasion may be excused. Besides, it is well known that in Spain etiquette goes so far as to insist that a queen has no legs, and that a king must be always a monarch, and never a mere man. A king was once toasted to death before a fire in Spain because the proper functionary could not be found to move his chair; but the Spaniards should remember that Amadeus is an exotic, and does not, perhaps, share their views of cold water, and would probably have his swim despite the remonstrances of any Hidalgo or descendant of the Cid in his dominion.

—The two oldest churches in New York are Trinity and the Collegiate Dutch Church. In faith they differ more than in practice. Only one thing have they in common—the parsons wear gowns while preaching. These two are, moreover, the richest religious corporations in the State. Dr. Dix, the rector of Trinity, is popularly spoken of as a High-Church ritualist. The Dutch dominies are Calvinistic, conservative, and evangelical. Yet the best of feeling has existed between these corporations for two hundred years. They lent each other their churches in troublesome times, and the Dutch gave Trinity a helping hand when she settled her first lector. The gift of an organ to the Dutch showed the kindly feeling of the Episcopal parish. On each anniversary of the Fulton Street daily prayer-meeting the profuse decoration of flowers in the old Dutch church has been the gift of the rector of Trinity. On the fourteenth anniversary, celebrated the other day, the rector sent over a bushel basket full of the richest flowers to decorate the pulpit, communion-table, and walls of the old Dutch church. That is so like Dr. Dix!

—The Mayor of Chicago, the Hon. R. B. Mason, upon whom so vast a responsibility now rests as the dispenser of a world's charities—an outpouring of money, food, and clothing such as Christendom has never hitherto witnessed—was born in Berkshire County, Massachusetts. He was educated a civil engineer, and was chief engineer of the New York and New Haven Railroad during its construction. He has always maintained a high character for integrity. Ex-Mayor Briggs, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who has known him for twenty-five years, says, "Chicago in her great misfortune is indeed fortunate in having for chief municipal officer a man of such unspotted character as Roswell B. Mason."

—When President Grant was at Pittsburg, a few days ago, he made to the citizens a neat speech—brief, of course—in which he said: "I hope that the day is not far distant when our citizens will look upon the executive as President of the whole country, and not as the representative of any party or section. I shall take the opportunity of visiting your workshops, which I recognize as the source of wealth not only to the artisan and the city, but to the whole nation. I hope the time will soon come when the wants of the whole country will be supplied by the products of home industry."

—It is creditable to the publishing interest that the largest individual tax in Charlestown, Massachusetts, is paid by Moses A. Dow—$7700. He acquired his fortune by publishing the *Waverley Magazine*. Only the good Dows, not the rowdy-dows, make large fortunes by paper and types.

—As one of the signs of the unrest that exists in the public affairs of France, it may be mentioned that the fifty-first anniversary of the birth of the Count de Chambord (Henry V.) was celebrated on the 29th of September by most of the wealthy Legitimist families of France. Along the Loire the demonstrations were specially cordial.

—Mr. James Grant, in his new book on the "Newspaper Press of London," expresses the belief that the profits of the London *Times* are £460,000 per annum. When Mr. Grant edited the *Morning Advertiser*, Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster wrote for him. Lord Palmerston, in his day, furnished through his secretary editorials and news. One of the "past metropolitan daily papers," the *Representative*, started in 1825 by Murray, the publisher, was edited by Mr. Disraeli. The offices of this journal were fitted up in a state of splendor without parallel. The reception-room especially—the visitors to which were expected to be mostly of the aristocracy—was furnished in a gorgeous style. It was expected that Mr. Disraeli would encourage Mr. Murray's aristocratic friends to make frequent calls by according to them a courteous reception; "but," says Mr. Grant, "Mr. Disraeli did not then, any more than he does now, or did at any intervening period of his history, enjoy any remarkable reputation for affability of manners." The reception-room of the *Representative* was but little visited, and this led to a coolness between the proprietor and editor. The paper never had a circulation worthy the name, while the advertisements were few and unprofitable. The *Representative* expired after a feeble and unhappy existence of six months, the loss to Mr. Murray, according to Mr. Grant's estimate, being £15,000. It is mistakenly believed that this was the first journal with which Mr. Disraeli was connected. Some few years before, when he had not much exceeded his majority, and while his "Vivian Grey" was before the public, he had a journal of his own, called the *Star Chamber*, which consisted of an uncompromising denunciation of what he regarded as the vices and follies of fashionable society, mingled with unsparing severity in his notices of some of the leading works of the day. Mr. Cyrus Redding used to say that Mr. Disraeli gave a eulogistic review in this publication of "Vivian Grey." The *Star Chamber* never excited the slightest interest, and never had any circulation. It died when it reached the end of the second volume.

—Since the death of Dean Richmond the nominal leader of the Democratic party of the State has been Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, of this city. That position is tacitly accorded to whoever, for the time being, is chairman of the State Committee. Mr. Richmond held the position some fifteen or twenty years. After his decease Mr. Tilden was chosen his successor. In the present State Committee will be found the names of men who have been members for many years, among them William Cassidy, editor of the Albany *Argus;* Joseph Warren, editor of the Buffalo *Courier;* Henry A. Richmond, who succeeded to the place occupied by his father; Delos De Wolf, an opulent banker of Oswego; Elmore P. Ross, of Auburn, one of the men who organized the Merchants' Union Express Company, and after a tough struggle with the American won the battle, and was admitted into partnership; George Magee, of Schuyler, who inherited a large fortune from his father, the late John Magee; Isaac M'Conihe, of Troy, formerly Mayor and Postmaster of that city; S. T. Arnot, of Chenango; and George W. Cuyler, of Wayne. All these have for many years been members of the Committee.

—"Uneasy lies the head where sits the" hat of a President, is especially the fact with M. Thiers, who is said to be constantly guarded by the police and soldiers. He has become the subject of strange fancies with respect to a conspiracy against his own person.

—Grace Greenwood has taken to manual labor. In a recent letter she says: "I drove a spike on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. It was a cruel tax," she says, "on my 'muscular Christianity.' The newspaper report said that I 'drove the spike home triumphantly,' but I really thought it 'wouldn't go home till morning.'" Now, out in that region, when one wishes a man or woman to drink with him, he asks, "Will you drive a spike?" and whether Grace Greenwood did it metaphorically or otherwise is one of the great moral questions of the day. The observation about going home in the morning would strengthen the suspicion of those who like to put a wrong construction on phrases.

—Assi, Billioray, Paschal Grousset, Jourde, Rogere, and all the other members of the Commune, or Central Committee, who were sentenced to transportation to a fortified place, have been sent to Fort Boyard, opposite the island of Aix, at the mouth of the river Charente, to await the sailing of the transport which is to take them to their definitive place of imprisonment. This has not yet been announced, and all that is known regarding it is that it will not be Cayenne. Gromier, another member of the Commune, and a writer in the *Vengeur*, has recently died in the hospital at Versailles.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On Friday night, October 20, the prosecuting attorney of Chicago was shot and fatally wounded by one of the special fire patrols, whose hail he refused to answer.

The statement that the wooden pavement in Chicago took fire and was burned, which was circulated through the press, turns out to be erroneous. The streets thus paved now form a net-work of clean, smooth thoroughfares through the burned district, which will prove exceedingly valuable in rebuilding.

The collector of Gloucester, Massachusetts, has notified Secretary Boutwell of the arrival of the schooner *Horton* at that port. He says that she came peaceably away from Guysboro', Nova Scotia, but that, as her papers have been seized, she wishes new ones issued.

Immense fires are reported in the district of Woodland, Campbell County, Kentucky, and a similar calamity to that of the destruction of Peshtigo is threatened.

A wagon-load of Union torpedoes exploded in San Francisco recently. The driver was instantly killed, and one of his legs blown a distance of several hundred feet. The windows of houses in the neighborhood were shattered by the concussion.

President Grant has issued a proclamation suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* in the counties of Spartanburg, York, Marion, Chester, Laurens, Newberry, Fairfield, Lancaster, and Chesterfield, South Carolina, on account of the Ku-Klux outrages in those portions of that State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

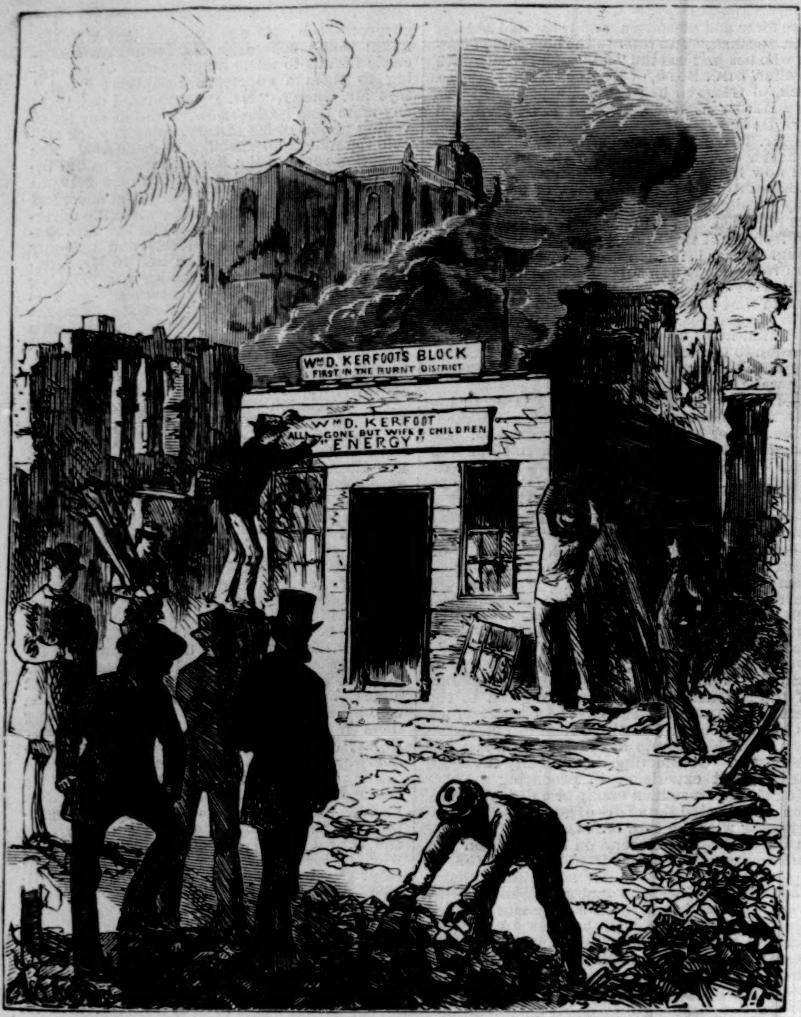
A great republican meeting was held October 16 in Madrid, and resolutions opposing the present government, and all forms of government not republican, were adopted. The boldest sentiments, even to sympathy with the International Society, were uttered by the speakers.

An address has recently been issued by representative working-men in England, demanding separation of church and state. The address announces that meetings of working-men will be held throughout the country in support of the movement.

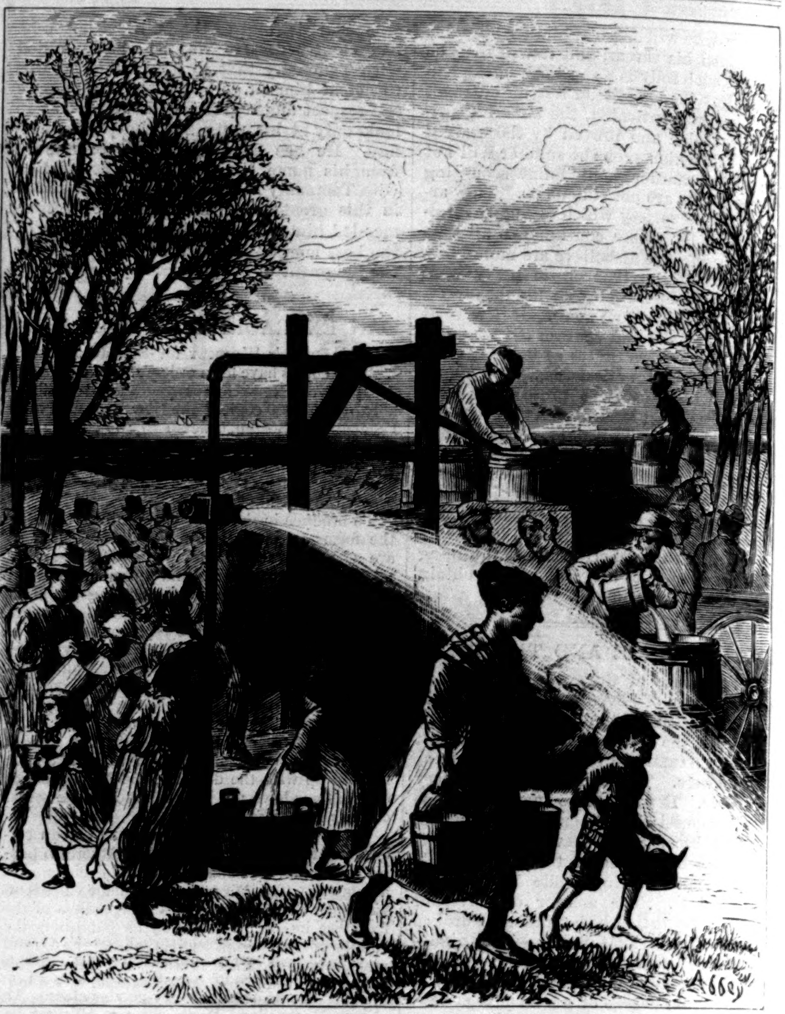
It is reported that the last German polar expedition discovered a polar sea free of ice and swarming with whales.

Juarez has been re-elected President of Mexico by Congress, the vote being yeas, 108, and no opposition votes offered.

The telegraphic cable between Barbadoes and Demerara has been successfully laid.


Wm D. KERFOOTS BLOCK
FIRST IN THE BURNT DISTRICT
Wm D. KERFOOT
ALL GONE BUT WIFE & CHILDREN
"ENERGY"

CHICAGO IN RUINS—KERFOOT'S BLOCK.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]



CHICAGO IN RUINS—GETTING WATER FROM THE ARTESIAN WELL.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

CHICAGO IN RUINS.

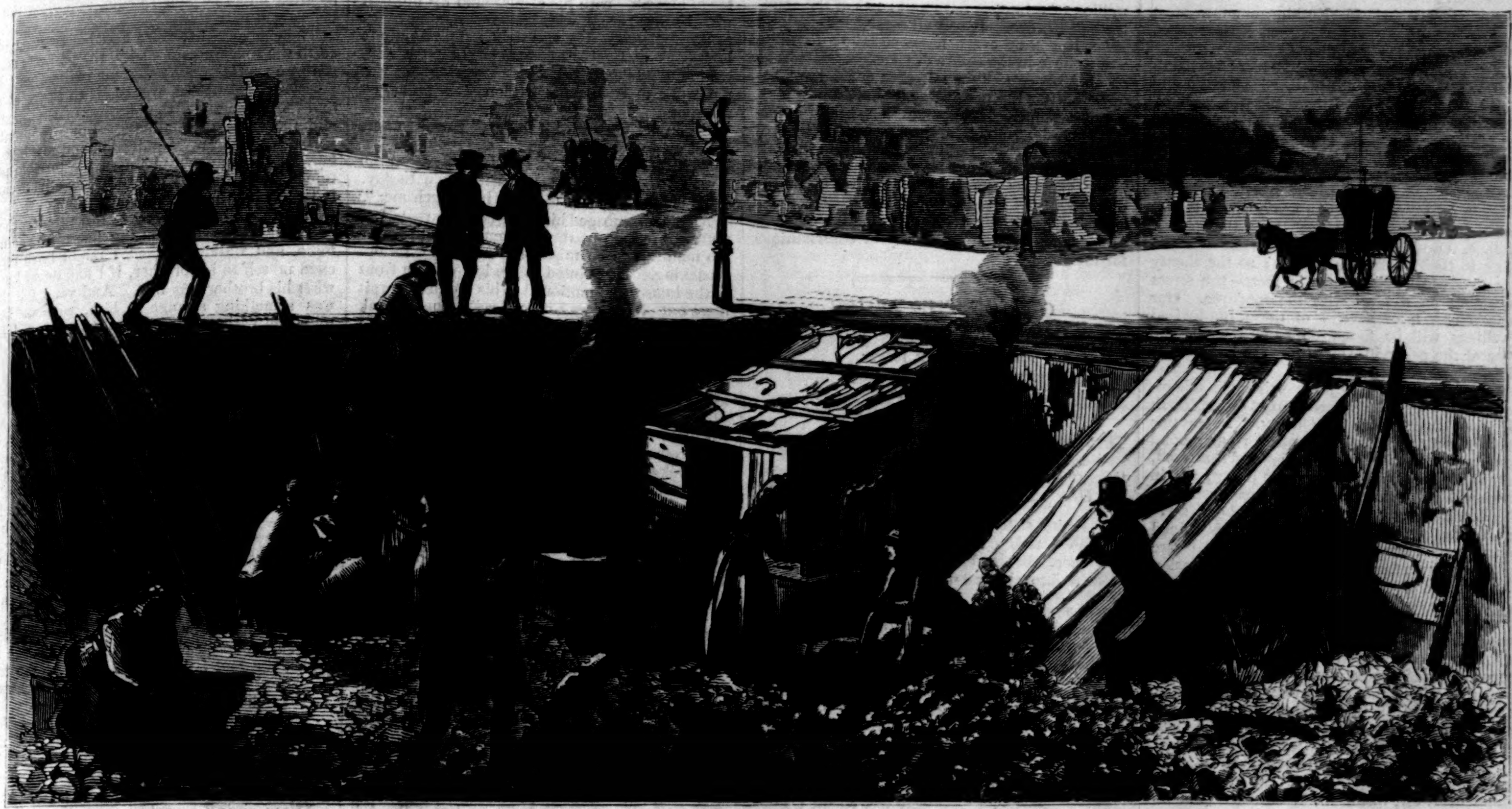
Two weeks ago we gave our readers a broad view of the beautiful Garden City as it was before the great fire. Last week our series of sketches presented the greatest disaster of modern times—Chicago in flames. In the present number we give graphic pictures of her desolation. Happily these last will present but a short period of her history. The work of restoration has already begun, and will be pushed forward with a celerity and vigor of which the world has seen no example.

The burned district comprised an area of about three and a half square miles, containing about twenty-two hundred acres—about one-sixth of the city tract. They were very costly acres, and the sweeping devastation has destroyed within their boundaries more than twice the value of all that remains.

Our artists in this number help the reader to a complete idea of this desolation. From the stand-point chosen for one of the double-page panoramic views—the roof of Congress Hall, a small boarding hotel on Congress Street, between Wabash and Michigan avenues—the observer looks out upon what was, a few days ago, the busy centre of the busiest city on the continent outside of New York. At our feet the ruin commences with the shapeless débris of Terrace Block—eleven splendid marble dwellings, once the principal adornment of the lake front. To the southernmost dwelling, that of Hon. J. Y. Scammon, was attached a choicely kept garden, extending across the block between Wabash and Michigan avenues. Congress Hall is now the improvised Custom-house. The adjoining small Michigan Avenue Hotel is the largest hotel left in the city. In the cherished shrubbery workmen are busy erecting temporary quarters for the wholesale grocery store of one of Mr. Scammon's tenants, burned out below Randolph Street. Wabash Avenue was recently the street of churches. The ruins of several of these late beautiful structures are shown—the First Presbyterian, St. Paul's Universalist, Trinity, and, farther away, the Second Presbyterian and the Cathedral of St. Mary. The long railroad pier stretches in front of the park basin, but it terminates in a tract shorn of all dépôt structures.

From where we stand we look into the ruins of the Court-house, of Honore's Building, the Custom-house, the *Tribune* building. Further to the left are the stately broken façades of the Pacific Hotel and the Bigelow House. Be-

CHICAGO IN RUINS—BURNING COAL HEAPS.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]

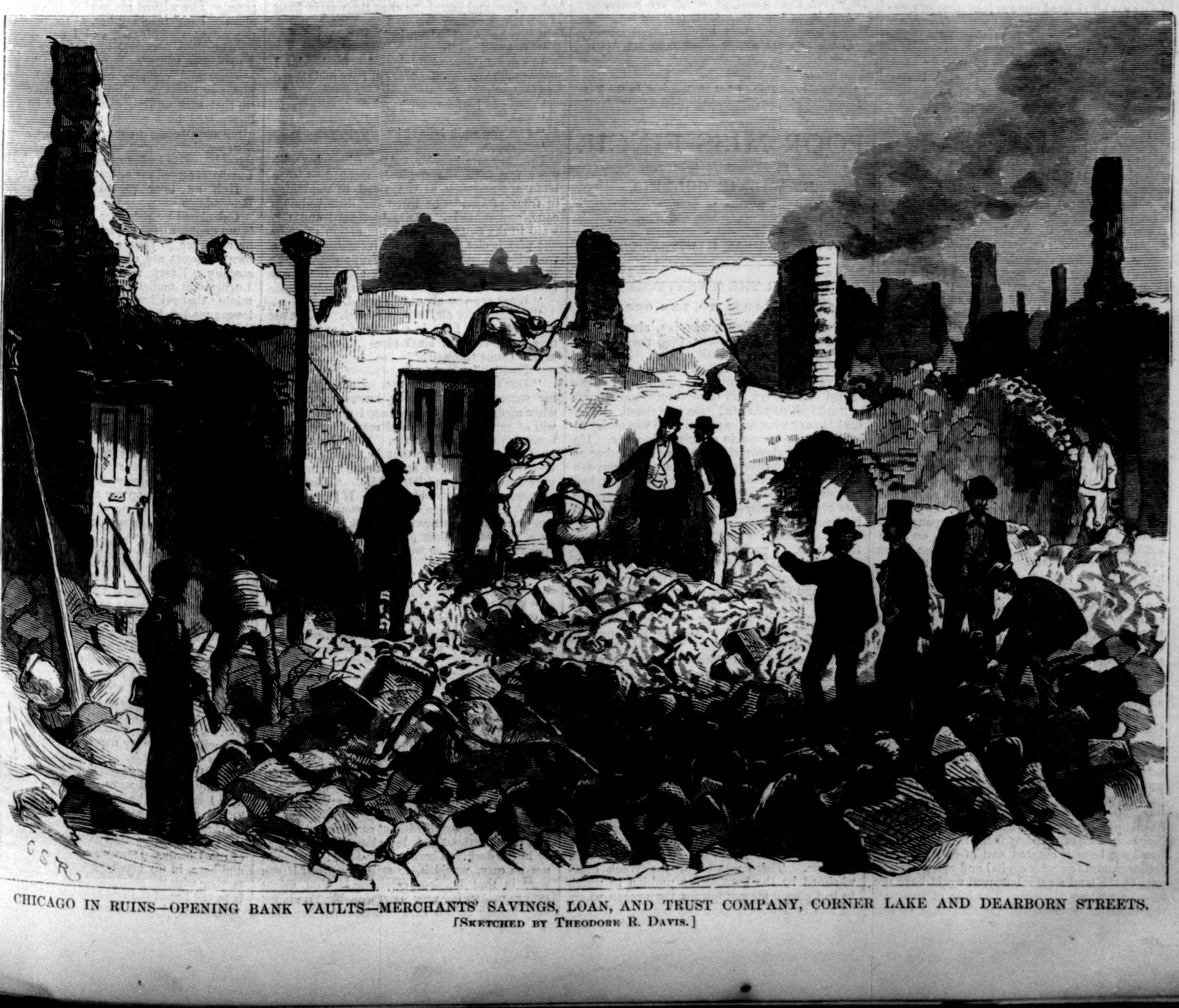


CHICAGO IN RUINS—IMPROVIZED SHANTIES ON THE NORTH SIDE.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

tween them, and throughout the wide area, all smaller buildings have disappeared. The wooden structures were destroyed utterly, and their ashes blown away. All in front of us northward to the river is ruin and desolation, and beyond the river we see, three miles and a half away across the treeless and vacant plain, the woods of Wright's Grove.

Come with us to the other scene chosen by the artist. We drive down Wabash Avenue. Not long ago it was gay in its turn-outs, and notable by its great wholesale stores. Now its late most familiar corners are indistinguishable, or only to be made out by landmarks traced with difficulty. We turn into State Street. Here was Field & Leiter's white marble dry-goods palace. There was Booksellers' Row—a range of great bookstores equaled in no other city in the world. One thing strikes us with astonishment. Two days have only elapsed since the fire, yet so thorough was the unopposed work of destruction that every thing combustible has disappeared. From the débris and from the street pavement ashes, dust, every thing the winds could carry, have been blown away. We pause to note how the walls of white marble, the buff limestone of Illinois, the red and olive sandstones of Ohio and Marquette, the speckled granite of Minnesota, and the blue Lockport limestone of New York have suffered almost alike in the fire, whose force is compared by numerous eye-witnesses to that of a blow-pipe. Every thing the power of wind and flame could level has been leveled; every thing it could lift has been swept away. The débris and bare standing walls show few traces of stain. The furious fire consumed its own smoke. All about us are the regular and special guardians of the peace, among them many soldiers. In these heaps of débris lie the treasures of the city, for every bank and all its best places of business were destroyed.

We go forward, pass the tall ruins of the scarred City Hall, cross into the West Division—for the main river has no bridges, and even the Lasalle-street Tunnel suffered in its approaches by the fire. A constant line of horse and foot throngs Lake-street Bridge. We turn into the North Division, shown in the upper panoramic view, and



CHICAGO IN RUINS—OPENING BANK VAULTS—MERCHANTS' SAVINGS, LOAN, AND TRUST COMPANY, CORNER LAKE AND DEARBORN STREETS.
[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

here again we notice how the flames licked up every thing that could burn. Nothing remains. Most of the structures were wood, with plank sidewalks, and the lots are many of them as free of traces of human habitation as if they had never been builded upon. Even the sward has burned up and blown away. Here and there the iron-work of a sewing-machine, or a solid piano frame burned out of its case, tell of the industry or taste of some banished household. Where are the seventy-five thousand people that only a few days ago filled the homes and haunts of the North Division? We see a new use for these heavy street grades rising from six to eight feet above the natural surface. Dwellings are being improvised here and there in their sheltering corners; so the shanty has two walls of masonry at least—the street pavement on a level with the roof-tree. Our artist's sketch of several of these improvised dwellings will be found on page 1029. The floor of the cellar in which they are built is the old prairie level.

We are now standing just north of the sole remaining house in the burned district of the North Division, that of M. D. Ogden. From this point of view we look southward for our second panorama of desolation. Roofless and shattered, here is the beautiful Church of the Unity; and in another sketch, printed on our front page, we show the Rev. Robert Collyer holding Sabbath service among his stricken flock within this ruined sanctuary. Rare was the spectacle, and rare must have been the improvement of this occasion by that most eloquent of preachers. But it can not be a present question of rebuilding, for, if restored to-day, the Church of the Unity has but one human habitation within a mile of it. Our sketch of the ruin of the North Division tells its own story. It is of interest now as a record of a disaster that will be told to the remotest generation of men. It will be doubly interesting as a memento when, a few years hence, our artists take up their pencils to show the rehabilitated city.

Among the many privations to which the inhabitants were subjected was that of a limited supply of water, owing to the destruction of the water-works, and those who lived at a distance from the lake-side suffered greatly in consequence. Many hundreds went a long way, with pans, pails, tubs, kettles, etc., to get water from the large Artesian well in Lincoln Park, from which 550 gallons flow per minute. The water is slightly mineral, but not unpleasant to the taste.

The illustration on page 1036 shows a crowd of fugitives from the fire passing through the "Potter's Field"—on foot, on horseback, in every kind of vehicle—pursued by the rapid flames, which devastated the very abodes of the dead. The portion where the fire was most destructive was that which the Germans have chiefly appropriated, which lies nearest to the town. The legend of the cheap wooden monuments always begins, "*Hier ruhet*," "*here rests*." These headboards are all charred more or less, some of them are burned entirely away; the votive flowers are burned down to the earth in their pots. The mounds of the graves themselves are sometimes half torn away by the violence of the fiery wind, and there are acres where the grass is burned down to the ground. But a far sadder sight than the desecration of the dead is the evidence every where afforded that even this was not a sanctuary for the living. The whole place is strewn with fragments of household goods and gods, abandoned to the dead as the living found that place after place was too hot to hold them. Potsherds, tables, chairs, bedding, and all the *impedimenta* of a poor German family one stumbles over at every turn.

We turn from these pictures of Chicago's desolation to the gratifying evidence of her energy. The first illustration on our front page shows the laying of the corner-stone of the first building commenced after the fire—that of Kendall's Bank, corner of Washington and Dearborn streets. It was laid October 16 by Mortimer & Tapper, contractors. The localities designated by figures are (1) the corner-stone; (2) Kerfoot's Block; (3) ruins of the City Hall. "Kerfoot's Block" is merely a rough shanty, about twelve feet by eight, knocked together the morning after the fire by the gentleman whose name it bears, on the site of his former place of business. His sign bears the inscription, "Wm. D. Kerfoot: all gone but wife, children, and energy." This example of good heart and pluck was followed by thousands, and really gave tone to the general sentiment of the citizens.

Another illustration, on page 1029, shows the work of digging out the safes of the "Merchants' Savings, Loan, and Trust Company," opposite the Tremont House. Another, on page 1028, shows the burning of the immense heaps of anthracite coal, comprising most of the winter's supply for the city. The largest coal-yards were along the east bank of the South Branch of the river, and the burning piles were from twenty-five to thirty feet in height. The flames from these heaps, reflected from the clouds, furnished the only illumination of the city during the nights succeeding the destruction of the gas-works, when the streets were patrolled by armed guards for the protection of the citizens against thieves and murderers.

The story of this calamity is not all told in the tale of millions lost. In the course of the destruction of two hundred millions of property, of fifteen thousand buildings burned in the sixteen hours of the great fire of Chicago, what tongue can tell the human suffering in this appalling process of sudden dispossession of one hundred thousand of the population of the city from their homes and their places of business? Nor is the loss of property theirs alone. Chicago has long been a coveted seat of enterprise and business, and few with capital and energy in any part of the land or the moneyed world have not taken a venture therein. The loss of incomes, the defeat of investments, the shrinkage or loss of securities, in this wiping out of two hundred million of values, is felt in all parts of the country and Europe. It will all come back again in time, if not to every loser, certainly to those who believe in the future of Chicago. It will be made a better city than it ever could have become but for this fire. A better building system, a more shapely development, a spirit of enterprise and determination, literally tried as by fire, will bring all these results. The brightest feature of the picture is one no artist pencil can show—the generous sympathy of the world in the desolation of Chicago, which has opened to its suffering children all hearts and all purses in the instant magnificent rivalry of contributions for their relief.

OUT OF THE ASHES.

By HOWARD GLYNDON.

Oh, fallen with the falling leaves,
And level with the dust, as they!
Thy beauty, City of the Lake,
Is but a thing of yesterday.

Thou wondrous blossom of the West!
We were so passing proud of thee:
"See," said we to the elder world,
"How cities grow when men are free!"

Thy senior sisters, looking on
With dazed, half-unbelieving eyes,
Saw thee, like Hercules of old,
Swift into ripe estate arise.

And seeing thee so fair, how high
The hearts of all thy children were,
We would not blame them if to-day
They bowed their faces in despair;

Or, newly risen from troubled sleep,
Stared, with uncomprehending eyes,
On homesteads smouldering, black and bare,
Beneath the mild October skies;

Where, here and there, but yesterday
Towered up such sumptuous witnesses
Of their devoted hearts and hands—
God help them in this sore distress!

And, saying this, the Nation takes
These houseless children of the West
Into her motherly embrace,
And hides the homeless in her breast.

Not houseless while our homes have room!
Not homeless—all our doors are wide!
The welcome that we send to-day
Is tinctured with exulting pride.

For who has heard one craven cry,
Though thousands wander, lorn and pale?
Oh, strong young city, sorest tried,
There's bravery even in thy wail!

To where thou sitt'st we bring the world,
And show thy ruins, saying, "See!
She is not broken, only bent;
For hearts are strong when men are free!"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

HE PROVES EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

At that astounding confession, abruptly revealed in those plain words, even resolute Nugent lost all power of self-control. He burst out with a cry which reached Lucilla's ears. She instantly turned toward us, and instantly assumed that the cry had come from Oscar's lips.

"Ah! there you are!" she exclaimed. "Oscar! Oscar! what *is* the matter with you to-day?"

Oscar was incapable of answering her. He had cast one glance of entreaty at his brother as Lucilla came nearer to us. The mute reproach which had answered him, in Nugent's eyes, had broken down his last reserves of endurance. He was crying silently—crying like a woman—on Nugent's breast.

It was necessary that somebody should break the silence. I spoke first.

"Nothing is the matter, my dear," I said, advancing to meet Lucilla. "We were passing the house, and Oscar ran out to stop us and bring us in."

My excuse roused a new alarm in her.

"Us?" she replied. "Who is with you?"

"Nugent is with me."

The result of the deplorable misunderstanding which had taken place instantly declared itself. She turned deadly pale under the horror of feeling blindly that she was in the presence of the man with the blue face.

"Take me near enough to speak to him but not to touch him," she whispered. "I have heard what he is like. (Oh, if you saw him, as I see him, *in the dark!*) I must control myself. I must speak to Oscar's brother, for Oscar's sake."

She seized my arm and held me close to her. What ought I to have said? What ought I to have done? I neither knew what to say nor what to do. I looked from Lucilla to the twin brothers. There was Oscar the Weak overwhelmed by the humiliating position in which he had placed himself toward the woman whom he was to marry, toward the brother whom he loved! And there was Nugent the Strong, master of himself—with his arm around his brother, with his head erect, with his hand signing to me to keep silence. He was right. I had only to look back at Lucilla's face to see that the delicate and perilous work of undeceiving her was not work to be done at a moment's notice, on the spot.

"You are not yourself to-day," I said to her. "Let us go home."

"No!" she answered. "I must accustom myself to speak to him. I will begin to-day. Take me to him—but don't let him touch me!"

Nugent disengaged himself from Oscar—whose unfitness to help us through our difficulties was too manifest to be mistaken—as he saw us approaching. He pointed to the low wall in front of the house, and motioned to his brother to wait there out of the way before Lucilla could speak to him again. The wisdom of this proceeding was not long in asserting itself. Lucilla asked for Oscar the moment after he had left us. Nugent answered that Oscar had gone back to the house to get his hat.

The sound of Nugent's voice helped her to calculate her distance from him without assistance from me. Still holding my arm, she stopped and spoke to him.

"Nugent," she said, "I have made Oscar tell me—what he ought to have told me long since." (She paused between each sentence, painfully controlling herself, painfully catching her breath.) "He has discovered a foolish antipathy of mine. I don't know how; I tried to keep it a secret from him. I need not tell you what it is."

She made a longer pause at those words, holding me closer and closer to her; struggling more and more painfully against the irresistible nervous loathing that had got possession of her. He listened, on his side, with the constraint which always fell upon him in her presence more marked than ever. His eyes were on the ground. He seemed reluctant even to look at her.

"I think I understand," she went on, "why Oscar was unwilling to tell me"—she stopped, at a loss how to express herself without running the risk of hurting his feelings—"to tell me," she resumed, "what it is in you which is not like other people. He was afraid my stupid weakness might prejudice me against you. I wish to say that I won't let it do that. I never was more ashamed of it than now. I, too, have my misfortune. I ought to sympathize with you, instead of—"

Her voice had been growing fainter and fainter as she proceeded. She leaned against me heavily. One glance at her told me that if I let it go on any longer she would fall into a swoon. "Tell your brother that we have gone back to the rectory," I said to Nugent. He looked up at Lucilla for the first time. "You are right," he answered. "Take her home." He repeated the sign by which he had already hinted to me to be silent, and joined Oscar at the wall in front of the house.

"Has he gone?" she asked.

"He has gone."

The moisture stood thick on her forehead. I passed my handkerchief over her face, and turned her toward the wind.

"Are you better now?"

"Yes."

"Can you walk home?"

"Easily."

I put her arm in mine. After advancing with me a few steps she suddenly stopped—with a blind apprehension, as it seemed, of something in front of her. She lifted her little walking-cane, and moved it slowly backward and forward in the empty air, with the action of some one who is clearing away an incumbrance to a free advance—say the action of a person walking in a thick wood, and pushing aside the lower twigs and branches that intercept the way.

"What are you about?" I asked.

"Clearing the air," she answered. "The air is full of him. I am in a forest of hovering figures, with faces of black-blue. Give me your arm. Come through!"

"Lucilla!"

"Don't be angry with me. I am coming to my senses again. Nobody knows what folly, what madness it is, better than I do. I have a will of my own: suffer as I may, I promise to break myself of it this time. I can't and won't let Oscar's brother see that he is an object of horror to me." She stopped once more, and gave me a little propitiatory kiss. "Blame my blindness, dear, don't blame *me*. If I could only see— Ah, how can I make you understand me, you who don't live in the dark?" She went on a few paces, silent and thoughtful, and then spoke again. "You won't laugh at me if I say something?"

"You know I won't."

"Suppose yourself to be in bed at night."

"Yes?"

"I have heard people say that they have sometimes woke in the middle of the night, on a sudden, without any noise to disturb them. And they have fancied (without any thing particular to justify it) that there was something, or somebody, in the dark room. Has that ever happened to you?"

"Certainly, my love. It has happened to most people to fancy what you say when their nerves are a little out of order."

"Very well. There is *my* fancy, and there are *my* nerves. When it happened to you, what did you do?"

"I struck a light, and satisfied myself that I was wrong."

"Suppose yourself without candle or matches, in a night without end, left alone with your fancy in the dark. There you have Me! It would not be easy, would it, to satisfy yourself if you were in that helpless condition? You might suffer under it, very unreasonably, and yet very keenly for all that." She lifted her little cane, with a sad smile. "You might be almost as great a fool as poor Lucilla, and clear the air before you with this!"

The charm of her voice and her manner added to the touching simplicity, the pathetic truth, of those words. She made me realize, as I had never realized before, what it is to have, at one and the same time, the blessing of imagination and the curse of blindness. For a moment, I was absorbed in my admiration and my love for her. For a moment, I forgot the terrible position in which we were placed. She unconsciously recalled it to me when she spoke next.

"Perhaps I was wrong to force the truth out of Oscar," she said, putting her arm again in mine, and walking on. "I might have reconciled myself to his brother, if I had never known what his brother was like. And yet I felt there was something strange in him, without being told, and without knowing what it was. There must have been a reason in me for the dislike that I felt for him from the first. We won't pursue it. Even if I had not made Oscar speak, the truth would have come out sooner or later. Do you know that I have been a little, a very little, disappointed in Oscar since I made this discovery? Do you remember his acknowledging in the garden that he had painted his face, in the character of Blue-beard, to amuse the children? It was not delicate, it was not affectionate—it was not like *him*—to show such insensibility as that to his brother's shocking disfigurement. He ought to have remembered it, he ought to have respected it. There! we will say no more. We will go in-doors and open the piano and try to forget!"

How would it end? When she was told—as told she must be—of the dreadful delusion into which she had fallen, what would be the result to Oscar? what would be the effect on herself? I own I shrank from pursuing the inquiry.

When we reached the turn in the valley I looked back at Browndown for the last time. The twin brothers were still in the place at which we had left them. Though the faces were indistinguishable, I could still see the figures plainly—Oscar sitting crouched upon the wall; Nugent erect at his side, with one hand laid on his shoulder. Even at that distance the types of the two characters were expressed in the attitudes of the two men. As we entered the new winding of the valley which shut them out from view I felt (so easy is it to comfort a woman!) that the commanding position of Nugent had produced its encouraging impression on my mind. "He will find a way out of it," I said to myself. "Nugent will help us through!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

HE FINDS A WAY OUT OF IT.

We sat down at the piano, as Lucilla had proposed. She wished me to play first, and to play alone. I was teaching her, at the time, one of the *Sonatas* of Mozart, and I now tried to go on with the lesson. Never, before or since, have I played so badly as on that day. The divine serenity and completeness by which Mozart's music is, to my mind, raised above all other music that ever was written can only be worthily interpreted by a player whose whole mind is given undividedly to the work. Devoured as I then was by my own anxieties, I might profane those heavenly melodies—I could not play them. Lucilla accepted my excuses, and took my place.

Half an hour passed without news from Browndown.

Calculated by reference to itself, half an hour is, no doubt, a short space of time. Calculated by reference to your own suspense, while your own interests are at stake, half an hour is an eternity. Every minute that passed, leaving Lucilla still undisturbed in her delusion, was a minute that pricked me in the conscience. The longer we left her in ignorance, the more painful to all of us the hard duty of enlightening her would become. I began to get restless. Lucilla, on her side, began to complain of fatigue. After the agitation that she had gone through, the inevitable reaction had come. I recommended her to go to her room and rest. She took my advice. In the state of my mind at that time, it was an inexpressible relief to me to be left by myself.

After pacing backward and forward for some little time in the sitting-room, and trying vainly to see my way through the difficulties that now beset us, I made up my mind to wait no longer for the news that never came. The brothers were still at Browndown. To Browndown I determined to return.

I peeped quietly into Lucilla's room. She was asleep. After a word to Zillah, recommending her young mistress to her care, I slipped out. As I crossed the lawn I heard the garden gate opened. In a minute more the man of all others whom I most wanted to see presented himself before me in the person of Nugent Dubourg. He had borrowed Oscar's key, and had set off alone for the rectory to tell me what had passed between his brother and himself.

"This is the first stroke of luck that has fallen to me to-day," he said. "I was wondering how I should contrive to speak to you privately. And here you are—accessible and alone. Where is Lucilla? Can we depend on having the garden to ourselves?"

I satisfied him on both those points. He looked sadly pale and worn. Before he opened his lips I saw that he too had had his mind disturbed and his patience tried since I had left him. There was a summer-house at the end of the garden, with a view over the breezy solitude of the Downs. Here we established ourselves; and here, in my headlong way, I opened the interview with the one formidable question, "Who is to tell her of the mistake that she has made?"

"Nobody is to tell her."

That answer staggered me at the outset. I looked at Nugent in silent astonishment.

"There is nothing to be surprised at," he said. "Let me put my point of view before you in two words. I have had a serious talk with Oscar—"

Women are proverbially bad listeners, and I am no better than the rest of them. I interrupted him before he could get any farther.

"Did Oscar tell you how the mistake happened?" I asked.

"He could no more tell me than you can. He owns—when he found himself face to face with her—that his presence of mind completely failed him: he didn't himself know what he was saying at the time. *He* lost his head, and *she* lost her patience. Think of his nervous confusion in collision with her nervous irritability, and the result explains itself: nothing *could* come of it but misapprehension and mistake. I turned the thing over in my mind after you had left us; and the one course to take that *I* could see was to accept the position patiently, and to make the best instead of the worst of it. Having reached this conclusion, I settled the matter (as I settle most other difficulties) by cutting the Gordian knot. I said to Oscar, 'Would it be a relief to your mind to leave her present impression undisturbed until you are married?' You know him—I needn't tell you what his answer was. 'Very well,' I said. 'Dry your eyes and compose yourself. I have begun as Blue Face. As Blue Face I will go on till further notice.' I spare you the description of Oscar's gratitude. I proposed, and he accepted. There is the way out of the difficulty as I see it."

"Your way out of the difficulty is an unworthy way and a false way," I answered. "I protest against taking that cruel advantage of Lucilla's blindness. I refuse to have any thing to do with it."

He opened his case and took out a cigar.

"Do as you please," he said. "You saw the pitiable state she was in when she forced herself to speak to me. You saw how her disgust and horror overpowered her at the end. Transfer that disgust and horror to Oscar (with indignation and contempt added in *his* case); expose him to the result of rousing those feelings in her, before he is fortified by a husband's influence over her mind, and a husband's place in her affections—if you dare. I love the poor fellow, and *I* daren't. May I smoke?"

I gave him his permission to smoke by a gesture. Before I said any thing more to this inscrutable gentleman I felt the necessity of understanding him—if I could.

There was no difficulty in accounting for his readiness to sacrifice himself in the interests of Oscar's tranquillity. He never did things by halves—he liked dashing at difficulties which would have made other men pause. The same zeal in his brother's service which had saved Oscar's life at the Trial, might well be the zeal that animated him now. The perplexity that I felt was not roused in me by the course that he had taken, but by the language in which he justified himself, and, more still, by his behavior to me while he was speaking. The well-bred, brilliant young fellow of my previous experience had now turned as dogged and as ungracious as a man could be. He waited to hear what I had to say to him next with a hard defiance and desperation of manner entirely uncalled for by the circumstances, and entirely out of harmony with his character so far as I had observed it. That there was something lurking under the surface, some inner motive at work in him which he was concealing from his brother and concealing from me, was as plainly visible as the sunshine and shade on the view that I was looking at from the summer-house. But what that something was, or what that inner motive might be, it baffled my utmost sagacity to guess. Not the faintest idea of the terrible secret that he was hiding from me crossed my mind. Innocent of all suspicion of the truth, there I sat opposite to him, the unconscious witness of that unhappy man's final struggle to be true to the brother whom he loved, and to master the devouring passion that consumed him. So long as Lucilla falsely believed him to be disfigured by the drug, so long the commonest consideration for her tranquillity would, in the estimation of others, excuse and explain his keeping out of her presence. In that separation lay his last chance of raising an insurmountable barrier between Lucilla and himself. He had already tried uselessly to place another obstacle in the way—he had vainly attempted to hasten the marriage, which would have made Lucilla sacred to him as his brother's wife. That effort having failed, there was but one honorable alternative left to him—to keep out of her society until she was married to Oscar. He had accepted the position in which Oscar had placed him as the one means of reaching the end in view without exciting suspicion of the truth, and he had encountered, as his reward for the sacrifice, my ignorant protest, my stupid opposition, set as obstacles in his way! There were the motives—the pure, the noble motives—which animated him, as I know them now. There is the right reading of the dogged language that mystified me, of the defiant manner that offended me, interpreted by the one light that I have to guide my pen—the light of later events!

"Well?" he said. "Are we allies, or not? Are you with me, or against me?"

I gave up attempting to understand him, and answered that plain question plainly.

"I don't deny that the consequences of undeceiving her may be serious," I said. "But, for all that, I will have no share in the cruelty of keeping her deceived."

Nugent held up his forefinger warningly.

"Pause and reflect, Madame Pratolungo! The mischief that you may do, as matters stand now, may be mischief that you can never repair. It's useless to ask you to alter your mind. I only ask you to wait a little. There is plenty of time before the wedding-day. Something may happen which will spare you the necessity of enlightening Lucilla with your own lips."

"What can happen?" I asked.

"Lucilla may yet see him as we see him," Nugent answered. "Lucilla's own eyes may discover the truth."

"What! have you not abandoned your mad notion of curing her blindness yet?"

"I will abandon my notion when the German surgeon tells me it is mad. Not before."

"Have you said any thing about it to Oscar?"

"Not a word. I shall say nothing about it to any body but you until the German is safe on the shores of England."

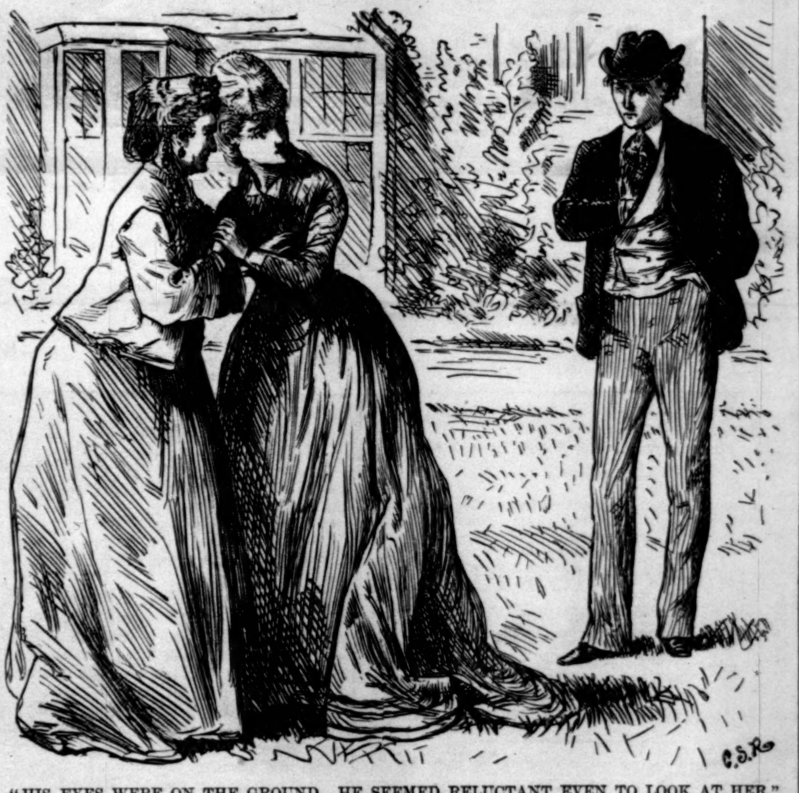
"Do you expect him to arrive before the marriage?"

"Certainly. He would have left New York with me, but for one patient who still required his care. No new patients will tempt him to stay in America. His extraordinary success has made his fortune. The ambition of his life is to see England, and he can afford to gratify it. He may be here by the next steamer that reaches Liverpool."

"And when he does come, you mean to bring him to Dimchurch?"

"Yes—unless Lucilla objects to it."

"Suppose Oscar objects? She is resigned to be blind for life. If you disturb that resignation with no useful result, you may make an unhappy woman of her for the rest of her days. In your brother's place, I should object to running that risk."



"HIS EYES WERE ON THE GROUND. HE SEEMED RELUCTANT EVEN TO LOOK AT HER."

"My brother is doubly interested in running the risk. I repeat what I have already told you. The physical result will not be the only result, if her sight can be restored. There will be a new mind put into her as well as a new sense. Oscar has every thing to dread from this morbid fancy of hers as long as she is blind. Only let her eyes correct her fancy—only let her see him as we see him, and get used to him, as we have got used to him, and Oscar's future with her is safe. Will you leave things as they are for the present, on the chance that the German surgeon may get here before the wedding-day?"

I consented to that; being influenced, in spite of myself, by the remarkable coincidence between what Nugent had just said of Lucilla, and what Lucilla had said to me of herself earlier in the day. It was impossible to deny that Nugent's theory, wild as it sounded, found its confirmation, so far, in Lucilla's view of her own case. Having settled the difference between us in this way, for the time being, I shifted our talk next to the difficult question of Nugent's relations toward Lucilla. "How are you to meet her again," I said, "after the effect you produced on her at the meeting to-day?"

He spoke far more pleasantly in discussing this side of the subject. His language and his manner both improved together.

"If I could have had my own way," he said, "Lucilla would have been relieved, by this time, of all fear of meeting with me again. She would have heard from you or from Oscar that business had obliged me to leave Dimchurch."

"Does Oscar object to let you go?"

"He won't hear of my going. I did my best to persuade him—I promised to return for the marriage. Quite useless! 'If you leave me here by myself,' he said, 'to think over the mischief I have done, and the sacrifices I have forced on you, you will break my heart. You don't know what an encouragement your presence is to me; you don't know what a blank you will leave in my life if you go!' I am as weak as Oscar is, when Oscar speaks to me in that way. Against my own convictions, against my own wishes, I yielded. I should have been better away—far, far better away."

He said those closing words in a tone that startled me. It was nothing less than a tone of despair. How little I understood him then! how well I understand him now! In those melancholy accents spoke the last of his honor, the last of his truth. Miserable, innocent Lucilla! Miserable, guilty Nugent!

"And now you remain at Dimchurch," I resumed, "what are you to do?"

"I must do my best to spare her the nervous suffering which I unwillingly inflicted on her today. The morbid repulsion that she feels in my presence is not to be controlled—I can see that plainly. I shall keep out of her way, gradually withdrawing myself, so as not to force my absence on her attention. I shall pay fewer and fewer visits at the rectory, and remain longer and longer at Browndown every day. After they are married—" He suddenly stopped; the words seemed to stick in his throat. He busied himself in relighting his cigar, and took a long time to do it.

"After they are married," I repeated: "what then?"

"When Oscar is married, Oscar will not find my presence indispensable to his happiness. I shall leave Dimchurch."

"You will have to give a reason."

"I shall give the true reason. I can find no studio here big enough for me—as I have told you. And even if I could find a studio, I should be doing no good if I remained at Dimchurch. My intellect would contract, my brains would rust, in this remote place. Let Oscar live his quiet married life here. And let me go to the atmosphere that is fitter for me—the atmosphere of London or Paris."

He sighed, and fixed his eyes absently on the open hilly view from the summer-house door.

"It's strange to see *you* depressed," I said. "Your spirits seemed to be quite inexhaustible on that first evening, when you interrupted Mr. Finch over 'Hamlet.'"

He threw away the end of his cigar, and laughed bitterly.

"We artists are always in extremes," he said. "What do you think I was wishing just before you spoke to me?"

"I can't guess."

"I was wishing I had never come to Dimchurch!"

Before I could return a word on my side, Lucilla's voice reached our ears, calling to me from the garden. Nugent instantly sprang to his feet.

"Have we said all we need say?" he asked.

"Yes—for to-day, at any rate."

"For to-day, then—good-by!"

He leaped up, caught the cross-bar of wood over the entrance to the summer-house, and, swinging himself on to the low garden wall beyond, disappeared in the field on the other side. I answered Lucilla's call, and hastened away to find her. We met on the lawn. She looked wild and pale, as if something had frightened her.

"Any thing wrong at the rectory?" I asked.

"Nothing wrong," she answered, "except with Me. The next time I complain of fatigue, don't advise me to go and lie down on my bed."

"Why not? I looked in at you before I came out here. You were fast asleep—the picture of repose."

"Repose? You never were more mistaken in your life. I was in the agony of a horrid dream."

"You were perfectly quiet when I saw you."

"It must have been after you saw me, then. Let me come and sleep with you to-night. I daren't be by myself if I dream of it again."

"What did you dream of?"

"I dreamed that I was standing, in my wedding dress, before the altar of a strange church; and that a clergyman, whose voice I had never heard before, was marrying me—"

She stopped, impatiently waving her hand before her in the air. "Blind as I am," she said, "I see him again now!"

"The bridegroom?"

"Yes."

"Oscar?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

"Oscar's brother. Nugent Dubourg!"

(Have I mentioned before that I am sometimes a great fool? If I have not, I beg to mention it now. I burst out laughing.)

"What is there to laugh at?" she asked, angrily. "I saw his hideous, discolored face—I am never blind in my dreams. I felt his blue hand put the ring on my finger. Wait! The worst part of it is to come. I married Nugent Dubourg willingly—married him without a thought of my engagement to Oscar. Yes! yes! I know it's only a dream. I can't bear to think of it, for all that. I don't like to be false to Oscar even in a dream. Let us go to him. I want to hear him tell me that he loves me. Come to Browndown. I'm so nervous, I don't like going by myself. Come to Browndown!"

I have another humiliating confession to make—I tried to get off going to Browndown. (So like those unfeeling French people, isn't it?)

But I had my reason, too. If I disapproved of the resolution at which Nugent had arrived, I viewed far more unfavorably the selfish weakness on Oscar's part, which had allowed his brother to sacrifice himself. Lucilla's lover had sunk to something very like a despicable character in my estimation. I felt that I might let him see what I thought of him if I found myself in his company at that moment.

"Considering the object that you have in view, my dear," I said to Lucilla, "do you think you want *me* at Browndown?"

"Haven't I already told you?" she asked, impatiently. "I am so nervous—so completely upset—that I don't feel equal to going out by myself. Have you no sympathy for me? Suppose *you* had dreamed that you were marrying Nugent instead of Oscar?"

"Ah, bah! what of that? I should only have dreamed that I was marrying the most agreeable man of the two."

"The most agreeable man of the two! There you are again—always unjust to Oscar."

"My love! if you could see for yourself, you would learn to appreciate Nugent's good qualities as I do."

"I prefer appreciating Oscar's good qualities."

"You are prejudiced, Lucilla."

"So are you!"

"You happen to have met Oscar first."

"That has nothing to do with it."

"Yes! yes! If Nugent had followed us instead of Oscar; if, of those two charming voices which are both the same, one had spoken instead of the other—"

"I won't hear a word more!"

"Tra-la-la-la! It happens to have been Oscar. Turn it the other way, and Nugent might have been the man."

"Madame Pratolungo, I am not accustomed to be insulted! I have no more to say to you."

With that dignified reply, and with the loveliest color in her face that you ever saw in your life, my darling Lucilla turned her pretty back on me, and set off for Browndown by herself.

Ah, my rash tongue! Ah, my nasty foreign temper! Why did I let her irritate me! I, the elder of the two—why did I not set her an example of self-control? Who can tell? When does a woman know why she does any thing? Did Eve know, when Mr. Serpent offered her the apple, why she ate it? Not she!

What was to be done now? Two things were to be done. First thing: to cool myself down. Second thing: to follow Lucilla, and kiss and make it up.

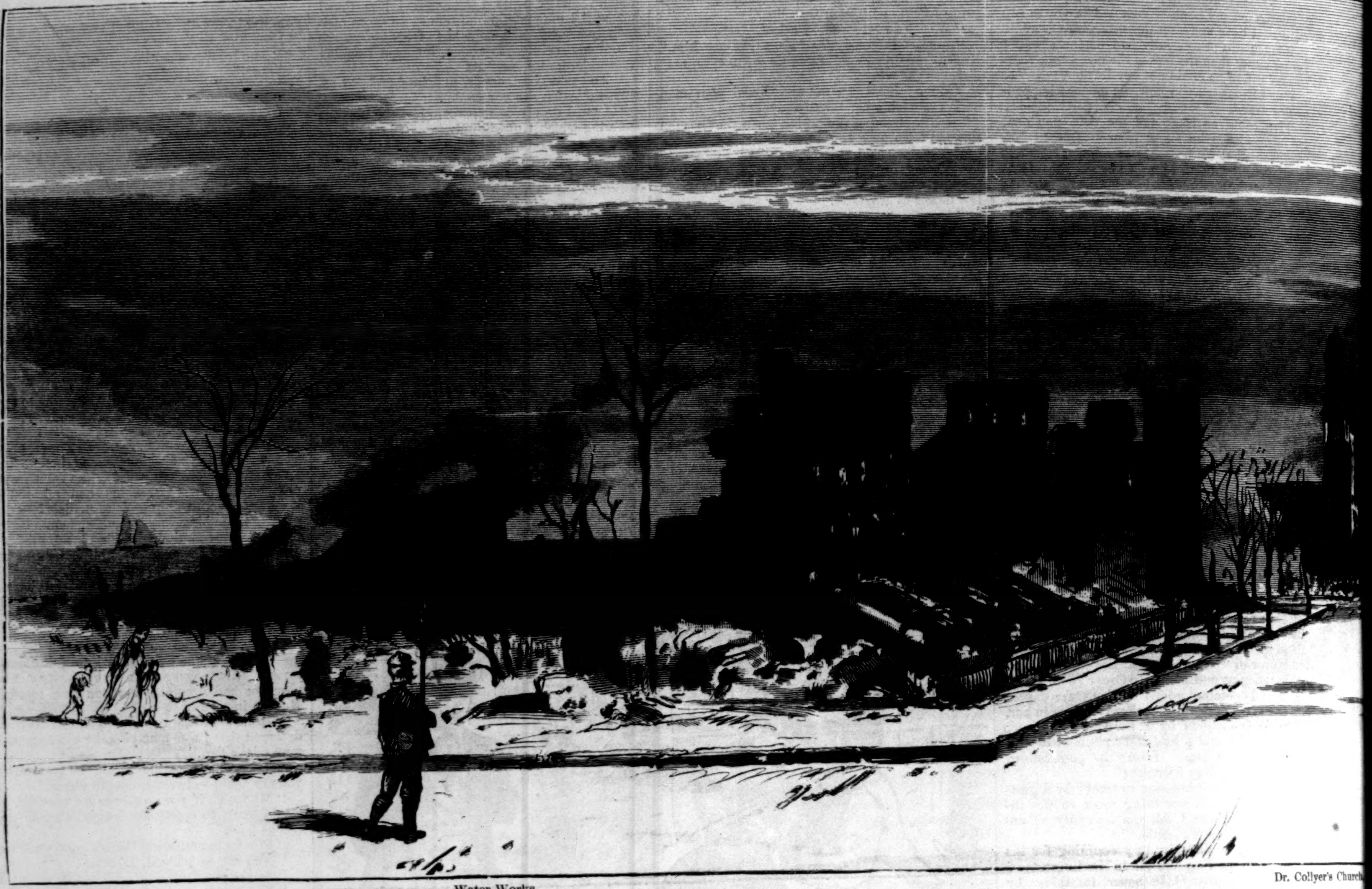
Either I took some time to cool—or, in the irritation of the moment, Lucilla walked faster than usual. She had got to Browndown before I could overtake her. On opening the house door I heard them talking. It would hardly do to disturb them—especially now I was in disgrace. While I was hesitating, and wondering what my next proceeding had better be, my eye was attracted by a letter lying on the hall table. I looked (one is always inquisitive in those idle moments when one doesn't know what to do)—I looked at the address. The letter was directed to Nugent, and the post-mark was Liverpool.

I drew the inevitable conclusion. The German oculist was in England!

HON. CORNELIUS WALSH.

THIS gentleman, who has been nominated for Governor of New Jersey by the Republican party of that State, was born in England in 1817. At the age of six he was brought to this country by his parents, and passed his youth in Belleville and Paterson, New Jersey. In 1839 he commenced business, as a trunk manufacturer, in Newark, and by energy and business capacity rose to a position of wealth and influence. His skill in mechanics enabled him early in his career to invent and apply machinery in his business which greatly facilitated his progress.

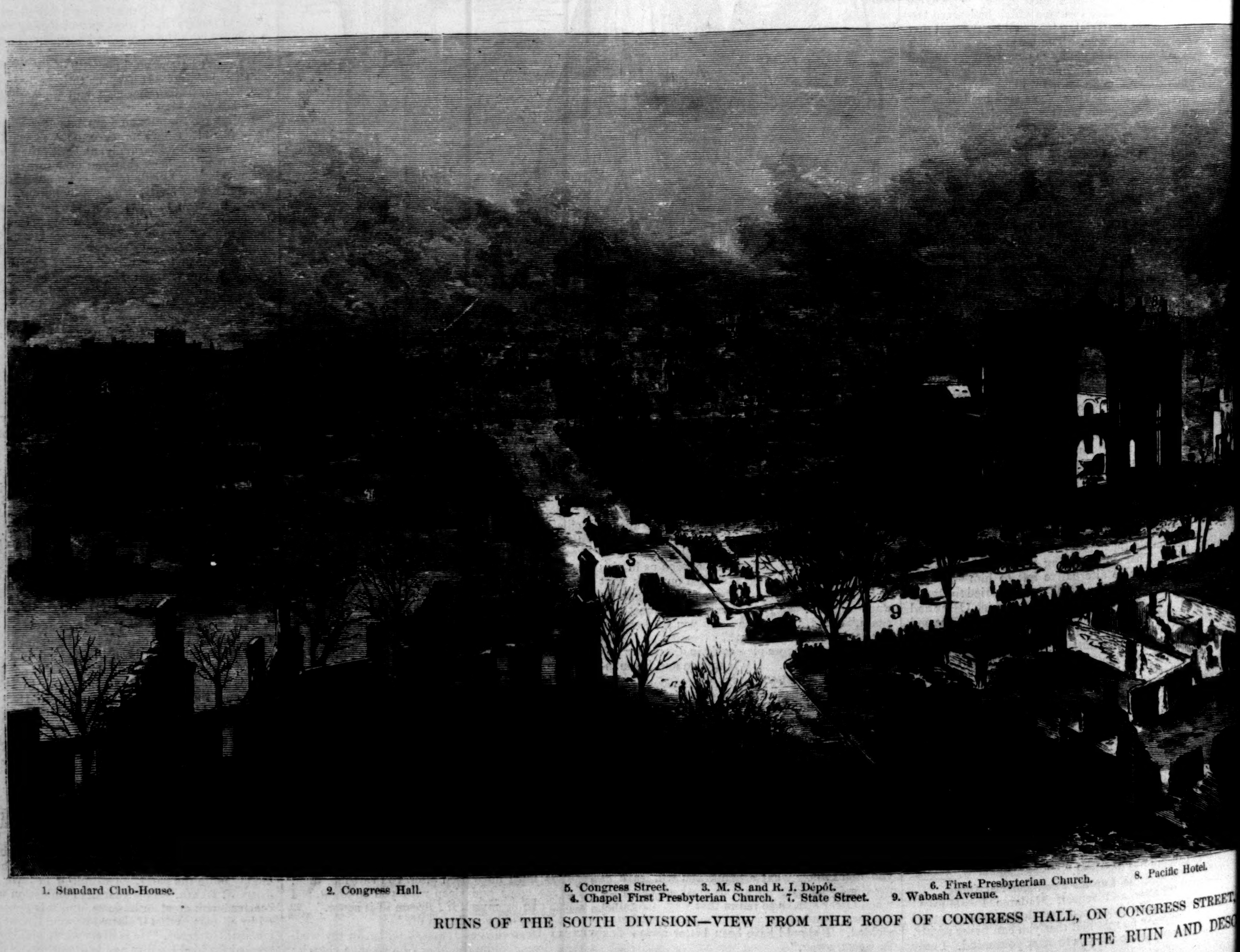
Mr. WALSH, whose portrait is given on page 1037, is a gentleman of fine presence and ready address. He has an acute intellect, and is an excellent judge of men. Three years ago his name was prominently connected with the gubernatorial nomination; but, with a wish to thoroughly unite the party, he withdrew in favor of JOHN J. BLAIR. This year his nomination was received with great enthusiasm, and it is conceded by all parties that if elected he would make an efficient Governor. He is every where highly esteemed for his liberality and benevolence.



Water Works.

Dr. Collyer's Church

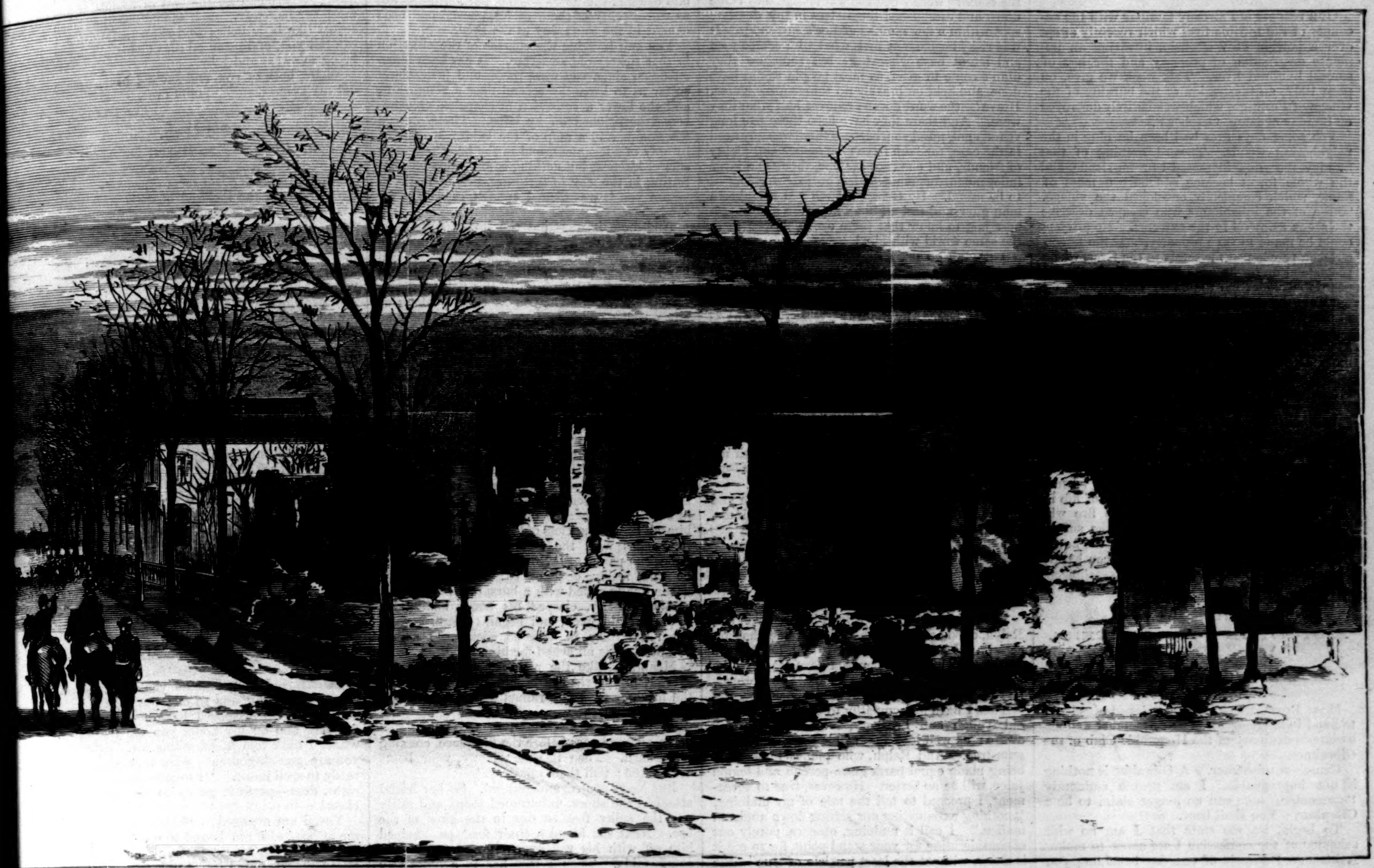
RUINS OF THE NORTH DIVISION, LOOKING SOU H WE



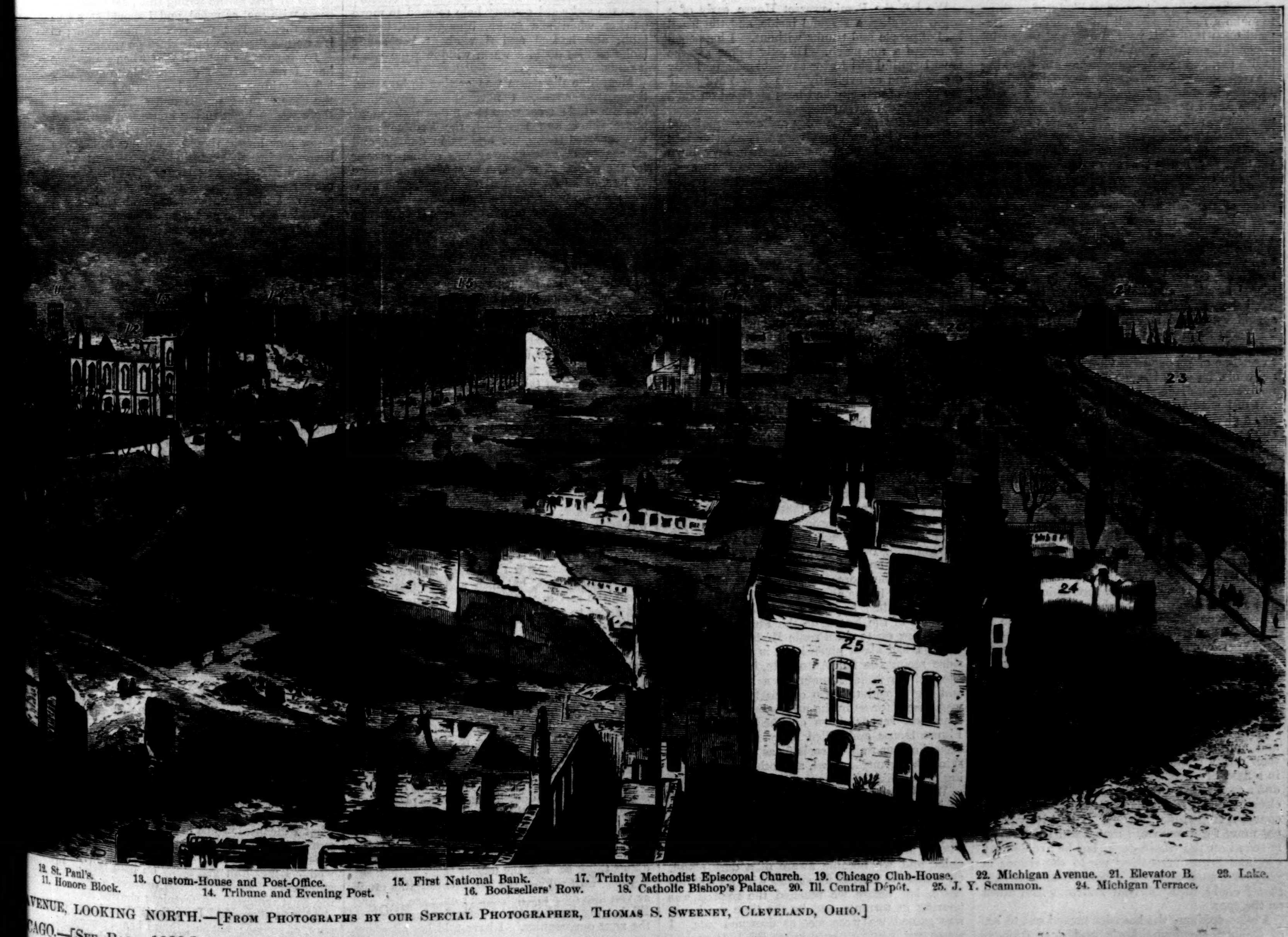
1. Standard Club-House. 2. Congress Hall. 5. Congress Street. 3. M. S. and R. I. Dépôt. 4. Chapel First Presbyterian Church. 7. State Street. 9. Wabash Avenue. 6. First Presbyterian Church. 8. Pacific Hotel.

RUINS OF THE SOUTH DIVISION—VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF CONGRESS HALL, ON CONGRESS STREET,

THE RUIN AND DES


M. D. Ogden's House.

WELLS STREET.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



12. St. Paul's. 11. Honore Block. 13. Custom-House and Post-Office. 14. Tribune and Evening Post. 15. First National Bank. 16. Booksellers' Row. 17. Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church. 18. Catholic Bishop's Palace. 19. Chicago Club-House. 20. Ill. Central Dépôt. 22. Michigan Avenue. 21. Elevator B. 25. J. Y. Scammon. 23. Lake. 24. Michigan Terrace.

VENUE, LOOKING NORTH.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, THOMAS S. SWEENEY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.]

CAGO.—[SEE PAGE 1028.]

GREAT FIRES IN THE WEST.

OUR readers are already familiar with the accounts of the terrible fires which recently swept over a portion of Wisconsin, involving an immense destruction of property and the loss of several hundred lives. This week we give, on page 1037, an illustration of the burning of the village of Peshtigo, which was entirely destroyed on Sunday evening, October 8.

For some days fires had been burning in the neighboring woods. Toward evening of that Sunday the wind increased to a hurricane, and the whole forest became suddenly a mass of flame, which completely enveloped the village. Those of the inhabitants who escaped describe the scene as awful in the extreme. No attempt could be made to save property, and the terror-stricken people fled for safety to the river, where they stood up to the neck in water, and still exposed to danger from the flames that reached far out from the shore, and from the brands that fell in every direction. Many perished in the river, many in the streets, and many who had sought to escape over a bridge were precipitated by its breaking into the water and were drowned. In less than an hour from the time it was struck by the tornado, the village of Peshtigo was annihilated. Full one hundred people perished either in the flames or the water, and all the property was swept out of existence. In the "Sugar Bush" (a neighboring settlement), divided into what is known as the Upper, Middle, and Lower Bush, over two hundred and fifty people were burned to death. It is supposed that the loss of life in the whole district devastated by the fire will reach at least seven hundred, while the suffering consequent upon the destruction of the newly gathered crops and whole settlements can hardly be conceived.

THE GIBRALTARS:

A STORY IN FOUR LETTERS.

LETTER I.

RALPH DE WINT TO JOHN BLODGETT.

CULPEPPER, *September* 5.

MOST PUISSANT,—The undersigned begs leave to hand in his resignation as co-member and associate-in-ordinary of the Honorable Club of the Gibraltars.

Cause—a misnomer. A Gibraltar is nothing if not impregnable. I am proved eminently "pregnable," *ergo* can no longer claim to be a Gibraltar. You shall hear.

To begin, let me state that I am no whit ashamed of the confession I am about to make. Neither do I despair of one day beholding you on your marrow-bones with a much worse tale in your mouth! You consider yourself the bulwark of bachelorhood, and Fred, who is a noodle, believes in you no end. My opinion has always been that you are most likely of us three to make a fool of yourself matrimonially. Depend upon it, for all your sneers and your stiff upper lip, and the grim letter you will presently indite me, and that habit you have of thanking Heaven that you are not as other fallible men, Destiny in shape of woman awaits you somewhere round the corner, and will one day avenge us upon you thoroughly. May yours truly only live to see that day!

Having thus freed my mind, I'll proceed to my tale, like a true though renegade son of the club, and in accordance with By-law No. 6.

You've heard me speak of Jack Allen, my old chum of the Ninth Nebraska. He turned up down here the other day, General Allen now, with a post under the Freedmen's Bureau, and quarters at this place. Being a brick, he's gone into the thing thoroughly, and, besides his regular duties, is over head and ears in night-schools, model farming, and free lectures to the darks. Well, he was delighted to see me, and insisted I should come and stay with him, which I did. That was three weeks ago—and here I am still!

The day after I came he proposed riding over to see one of his out-schools—or, rather, not exactly his, he said, but a private enterprise got up by some Philadelphia ladies, which the Bureau sort of bossed and extended an ægis over. We had a glorious six-mile gallop. When we reached the place it turned out the forlornest kind of a little slab village, deep in the woods, and couched within the hollow of an old deserted rebel earth-work; the population all blacks, Allen told me, except the teachers, who were single women and semi-Quakers—excellent old females, but plain, unfortunately plain.

He made this statement just as we were mounting the rude steps of the "slab" school-house, and having made it, he opened the door and walked in. School was in session, and whole rows of little Cuffies turned their shining faces, and showed their teeth at the sight of us. But I stood stock-still on the threshold, unable to move or speak, for behind appeared—

No; I can't give an idea of it! *Coup de soleil* is mild in comparison. I was looking for caps, sharp noses, spectacles perhaps—all the component parts which go to make the "excellent women, unfortunately plain"—and instead there stood revealed—a pair of angels!

Two lovely, radiant girls, in plain gray gowns and aprons of snowy whiteness, looking, with their dusky scholars about them, like twin lilies in a field of—hardhack! Poetical, you see. I don't care. A stone would be poetic under like circumstances. The dazzle, the shock of sharp contrast, turned me into one. I positively could not move for a moment; then I whirled furiously round on the villain Jack, but he avoided my eye, and began presenting me to the visions in gray with such an ecstatic twinkle and chuckle that I could hardly forbear knocking him down on the spot.

Philadelphians, the beauties turned out to be, of Quaker extraction both, and dear friends. Longing after work, as half the good women in the country were when the war closed, they came down and established themselves in this desolate spot within a few months of Lee's surrender. It was risky business at first, what with scarce food and latent bush-whacking; but somehow they didn't come to grief, as most people would have done, and held on bravely till things grew better. Brave!—the word doesn't express half what they were. And there they have been these five long years—not, mind you, because there was any need in the case, for both have nice homes and plenty of friends, and one (not *the* one, though) a large independent fortune—but just because they longed to be useful. By George! I tell you it makes a man glow and feel all hot with pride and happiness just to know that there are such women in the same world with him!

I needn't go on, I suppose. Of course, after such an introduction, all was up with me. I found a pearl, tried for it, hold it, and make no apologies to you, my fellow-numskulls. She (her name is Grace, by-the-way—Grace Brown) is going home in the spring to "get ready"—as if, bless her! she were not perfect and complete now—and I shall buckle to my profession and "get ready" also, as far as unworthy man may. Some day or other, and somewhere or other, we shall have a home of our own, and in it—so Grace says—is to be a special room reserved for infirm Gibraltars. Come along, my boy! bring your shattered bulwarks, and end your days with us. "A Christian family—lodging—attendance—no extras—washing thrown in." Think of it.

I have communicated with Fred. Write and congratulate. I salute your High Mightiness, and remain Yours, as ever,

RALPH DE WINT, Ex-Gibraltar.

LETTER II.

FRED DELANO TO JOHN BLODGETT.

BOSTON, *September* 8.

DEAR JACK,—This is a joint letter to you and Ralph, of whose whereabouts I am somewhat uncertain. I have a long story to tell, too long to write out twice; so, when you have read and derided it and me as much as seems to you proper, be so good as to forward to him.

That I have no sympathy to expect from you, old Tough and Leathery, I am but too well aware: as well look for treacle from an ancient gum-tree. And Ralph, who piques himself on being made equal parts gutta-percha and lemon juice, will be no better. However, true to agreement, I proceed to tell the tale of my undoing, "nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice." I call it undoing, observe, purely out of consideration for your stand-point, for to me it is *doing*, without the least particle of "un"—the best doing of my life.

Pride must have a fall. Mine came not *off*, but *on* the top of a Plymouth stage, six weeks ago exactly.

We left the Pemigewasset House early of a warm morning, a stageful inside, and the usual load of people and trunks without. I happened to secure a top perch. Directly below sat the most beautiful girl I ever saw—blonde, perfectly dressed, and as evidently from New York as if the name of that city had been stamped on each fold of her dainty garments.

She had with her a very ordinary "pa," and a friend of her own age, whom, from a certain direct simplicity of manner and garb, I set down as Bostonian. My supposition was confirmed. An artful peep at the baggage revealed trunks marked "Doubleday, New York," and "Ellis, Boston;" and the conversation of the fair passengers before long supplied the Christian names—Rose and Antoinette. Antoinette was the beauty.

And a real beauty she was. I don't know that I ever saw any thing finer and more cameo-like than the outline of her face, framed in golden hair all looped and fluffed in a ravishing way, with here and there a glittering curl falling softly over her shoulder. The toilet, too, exactly what I like—ornate, fanciful, delicate in tint, suggesting ease, luxury, all the graceful perquisites of beauty rather than use. You know I hate—or rather *used* to hate—a woman who savors of every-day. Altogether the fair New Yorker beside her companion was like some dainty bird-of-paradise contrasted with a quiet domestic fowl. Though, when you came to look, the young lady from the Hub had a nice, bright little face enough; but then, you see, I didn't happen to look particularly just then.

As you've been up in that region, you know the beautiful road through the Pemigewasset Valley. It was splendid that day, the mountains standing out sharp and blue against a hot, dreamy sky, and a breeze all the way. I never enjoyed a ride more; but the driver said there was a storm in the air.

My plan had been to leave the stage at the entrance of the Notch, do the Flume and Pool, and follow on to the Profile House later in the day. I had about given it up in my own mind since seeing the fair Antoinette, but to my joy she and her father announced a like intention, and we agreed to form one party, and have a wagon sent for us in the afternoon. The stage, therefore, set us down on the piazza of the Flume House and rolled away, while we proceeded on our walk as sociably as possible, I carrying the beauty's shawl, and otherwise disporting myself like an old acquaintance.

We chatted and we scrambled, and partook of an impromptu lunch of doughnuts, and all went merry as a marriage bell, until, just as we were under the big boulder at the very top of the Flume, a sudden rumble of thunder broke the quiet, and we became aware of a dark cloud. Of course we started for shelter with all possible haste, but before we reached the road it was pouring in torrents, and by the time the house was gained we were wet as drowned rats. I never saw it rain so hard in my life! Drenched and dripping, we crowded into the hall, and lo and behold! there was another party quite as wet as we—twenty of them at least—who had been caught in the same way at the Pool.

You can imagine the charms of the situation in that rickety old structure. It has been burned down since you were there, and just rebuilt so far as to leave the second floor a rough loft, and the lower a collection of shapeless chicken-coops, partitioned off by laths. There were a few chairs, and a map of the White Mountains by way of adornment, and in the back regions a sort of kitchen, but nothing comfortable or comforting in the way of furniture, fire, or food. I assure you it was dismal enough, especially for the ladies.

And here it was that the lovely Antoinette ceased to be the heroine of the drama, and the mettle of my Boston girl began to show. I call her *mine*, observe, scorning disguises from this time forward, although up to this point I flatter myself I have brought you as cleverly along as any novelist of the day, and without giving the least hint of the dénouement. Yes, my beauty ceased just here to be beautiful. It was not the bedraggled forlornity of her dress—absurdly as it looked after its wetting—which disenchanted me, but the stress of vexation with which she viewed the ruin, the petulant, aggrieved mood produced by our common misfortune, the selfish helplessness of her whole attitude, the entire unconsciousness of other people's discomfort, and the way in which she snubbed and scolded her miserable and equally wet "pa." It was all his fault, she declared; he was always getting her into such scrapes; he ought to be ashamed of himself! The luckless old gentleman bore these reproaches with the stoicism peculiar to the American parent. "Now, Netty! now, Netty!" he said, feebly, once or twice; but when the tirade finally ended with a burst of tears, he succumbed utterly, clasped his hands behind his dispirited old back, and began to walk up and down the room in dejected silence. I assure you our hearts all ached for him.

Meantime, like the rose just washed in the shower, my peerless little Bostonian only shone the brighter for being rained upon. Before we guessed what she was at, back she came from somewhere with an armful of wood, and was down on her knees before the fire-place, coaxing it to burn. Then it was, "Netty, your boots are soaked; pull them off, dear."

But Netty pouted and refused. So her friend attacked the shoes, unbuttoned them, and fairly put the sulky feet to dry in the glow of the fire. Next she found a chair for "pa," helped him off with his wet overcoat, and seated him comfortably. Then I saw her in a quiet way going about among the rest. A pleasant, cordial glow appeared in her manner which was not there before; she grew bright and easy while caring for others. Every one felt the charm; even the awkward country help seemed to move quicker when she spoke, brought tea, bread, milk, and buzzed and flew about her sunny looks as flies do in a warm window-pane when it rains.

Meantime the storm was getting to be something tremendous. I never heard any thing like the wind; trees were blown down, the crazy house shook and trembled, the Pemigewasset was reported rising, the bridges in danger, and all chance of getting away was evidently over for the night. Every one was frightened more or less, and only too glad of shelter, such as it was; so we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable as best we might be where comfort was none. The one carpeted floor was given up to the ladies. Miss Doubleday, rolled by her friend and anxious parent in every conceivable wrap, was deposited in a corner, from which from time to time plaintive whines became audible. Her long-suffering pa, poised on two legs of his chair, slept, finally snored. I didn't even try for slumber—being a wide-awake by nature—but lit a cigar, and amused myself with watching the dear little sprite from Boston as she flitted about, planning, contriving, settling people in good places, and taking care generally of every body—except herself. Something about her face and manner reminded me of my mother, Jack. You remember her, don't you? You saw her once.

Some time after midnight I lost sight of her for a while, and growing restless, I wandered out into the hall. There she sat on the staircase with a baby in her arms, and a tired-out woman sleeping beside her, with head in her lap. The baby was asleep too, luckily, for otherwise we shouldn't have had the talk we had. Boys, it was that talk did for me! It had been brewing all the evening, but somehow the things she said—not remarkable things, but nice and womanly and sweet, the sort of things a fellow wants his wife and sister to say—and the look of her eyes and the weary expression of her dear little face went right to my heart. Talk of balls and parties, indeed, as places for young people to get acquainted! Why, you might dance round dances with a girl year in and out, and never get so near, or find out what she really was half so well, as I did in that one night's vigil.

By morning I was over head and ears. Of course we went up together to the Profile, and equally of course I didn't leave her there, but followed on to Crawford's, the Glen, Conway, and finally here. It's only two days, however, since the actual dénouement took place, and Rose's mother says that was shamefully premature. But I don't know what a fellow is to do who has got to be back at his business by the 15th *except* be premature. Any way, Rose didn't think so, and the matter is all settled.

Boys, wait till you see her. Inveigh as much as you like over my defection: only see her, and I'll bet my head you'll "defect" yourselves on the next opportunity. I have told her all about you and our—well, *preposterous* association, and though it made her laugh a great deal, she's quite prepared to be the best of friends, if you meet her half-way. You should hear her laugh—just like little bells; and she's real Boston, I can tell you, and up in all the ologies, in spite of being so sweet and jolly.

Write, both of you, and say if I haven't made out my case. Yours ever,

FRED DELANO.

LETTER III.

JOHN BLODGETT TO RALPH DE WINT.

NEW YORK, *September* 10.

MY DEAR RALPH,—I have your letter, and by the same mail the inclosed effusion from Fred, written in the style of a gushing boarding-school miss. I reserve comment on either until some calmer moment, and content myself with hoping that your present raptures may last. As I have never concealed my sentiments on the subject, you will hardly expect congratulations from me. The sentimental was left out when nature put me together; I must endure the fact as well as I may, and solacing myself with the poor comfort of consistency, remain the sole surviving Gibraltar.

Of course your withdrawal is a blow, as far as my personal comfort goes. I've no idea of tying myself to the kite-tail of your loves; so when I return to town, a month from now, I shall break up our establishment and retire to other quarters. Meantime I am going to Sharon. Why Sharon? That I do not know exactly. Estabrook has come back from his vacation. I must go somewhere; and they say it is the dullest place on the continent, and all the people have gone away, which is exactly what my present mood relishes. Therefore, *vale*.

Thank your fair Quakeress for her message. I've had such before from my friends' wives—before they were married.

Yours truly, J. B.

LETTER IV.

MISS ESSIE BARILLE TO MRS. ARDEN.

SHARON, *October* 6.

CHÉRIE,—I have treated you shockingly of late as to writing, and so on; but you are going to forgive me, because I have a piece of news for you, and on my honor you are the first to whom I have told it, excepting ma. Of course you are guessing already what it is, and are all ready to spell it out. "En-gage-ment." That's right, dear—perfect: go up to the head of the class!

Yes, I am engaged! Sharon has done it for me at last, so I am bound to speak well henceforward of the horrid place, though you know how I always hated it. I was enraged enough at having to come this year, for the Salettes had made up a yacht-party, with Eugene Astor and Emily Finch, and if Cousin Jule hadn't chosen to fall ill just at the wrong time, *she* could have come with ma, as usual, and I should have gone with them. But, you see, we never know; so it's no use fussing when things go wrong.

I was so cross about it that when we first got here I made myself disagreeable to every one, left off crimps, and just lay on the bed most of the time reading novels and sulking. In fact, there was nobody in the house worth a crimp; the season was on its very last legs—and you know how horrid these second-rate little places become when that takes place.

Then Mr. Blodgett came. (Isn't it a horrid name? "John Blodgett"—so prim and precise!) I didn't notice him at all at first, and he looked as offish as I felt; so we didn't get on, though, of course, he was introduced, and all that. But when he had been here about a week I got a letter from Jane Calhoun, telling me about her cousin Miss Ellis's engagement to a very nice Mr. Delano, whom they met this summer in the mountains.

"By-the-way," she wrote, "do you happen to know a Mr. Blodgett who is now at Sharon? If so, do tell us what he is like. We are dying to hear, for he is a great friend of Mr. Delano's, and he and Rose are in the greatest twitter to learn how he takes the news of their engagement. It seems that they, with one other young man, belong to a club called 'the Gibraltars'—so named because its members consider themselves impervious to female charms generally. Did you ever hear of such idiots? And the oldest of them is but thirty-two! That's Mr. Blodgett. He seems to be the leading spirit of the three; and though Fred laughs, Rose says she can see that he is quite nervous as to what he will say."

This passage made me look a little more curiously at Mr. Blodgett, and I began to think him "foeman worthy of my steel." He's really fine-looking, dear, and his air is not bad—*comme il faut*, if not exactly *distingué*. And then—which stimulated my pique—he didn't seem to care a pin to pursue my acquaintance. So, to make a long story short, I donned my armor and "went for that heathen Chinee," expecting a tough conflict. My dear, on the contrary, this famous Gibraltar proved as easy a fortress as I ever met. He melted like butter before my eyes! I had a presentiment that the "violet-primrose" tack would be a failure, so I didn't even attempt it, but took the *rôle* of *belle femme du monde* with right principles, and some latent religious feeling thrown in.

I should judge he had lived all his life with *goody* women, and was tired of their *fadaises*, so rapidly did he swallow my bait. Why, I didn't even bring up the heaviest artillery (*you* know what I mean), but just kept to the ordinary siege guns. My Gibraltar loved to talk, aimed at the cynical, but was too soft-hearted to do it well. I met him gracefully on both tacks. In ten days I had carried the out-works down to the least redoubt. A fortnight showed the very citadel in distress. Up to this time it was all play, of course; but just then I heard something which changed play to earnest. My dear, it is *the* Blodgett, who came in for the great Desbrow estate! Think of that! Of course the game became serious. Finding him ripe for it, I just cut off supplies for forty-eight hours, and removed my forces to the castle next in order at the breakfast-table. Desperate at being no longer the object of attack, the garrison rose in revolt, flung down the impregnable draw-bridge, hung out red flags, white flags, all-colored flags, opened the portcullis, and cried for quarter. Of course I granted it, received the offered keys with the air of Queen Philippa at Calais, spared the lives of the principal inhabitants, and, mounted on a high horse, rode triumphantly into *my* city, and was received with high masses, pealing of bells, *feux de joie*, and installed thenceforward governess and most puissant lady-paramount over it and all its dependencies.

Two of these said dependencies I may say I dread—namely, the other members of the Gibraltar Club. It required all my influence and diplomacy to induce Mr. Blodgett to write them of our engagement. He evidently shrank from it, in the most singular manner; and yet, strange to say, both these fellow-idiots of his have done exactly what he has done—that is, fallen in love with girls they hadn't known a month. Why he should dread them I can't conceive; but he does; and till the mighty confession is replied to I do not feel my reign secure.

Adieu, carissima. We return on Wednesday, and plunge at once into shopping. My fortress demands that I shall establish permanent residence in January. Write speedily.

Tout à toi, ESSIE.

P.S.—Two jubilant telegrams from Mr. Delano and Mr. De Wint. Hurrah! That's the last, I *hope*, of the Gibraltars.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE geological expedition to the Rocky Mountain region under the charge of Dr. HAYDEN, to which we have already made brief allusion, according to the last accounts from it, had reached Fort Hall, Idaho, on the 18th of September. After completing the survey of the Yellow Stone Valley they left Fort Ellis on the 5th of September, passing down Gallatin Valley to the Three Forks, and thence by the Jefferson to its very source, exploring many of its branches, and pursuing a direction nearly parallel to that which the party had traversed in the June previous.

The valleys of the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson forks of the Missouri, with all the little branches, were found occupied by industrious farmers and miners—a contrast quite striking to the doctor, who, twelve years ago, in exploring that same region, met with not a single white inhabitant.

The Rocky Mountain Divide was crossed at the head of Horse Plain Creek, from which the party passed over into Medicine Lodge Creek, following this down into the Snake River Plain. An interesting fact observed was the occurrence of two species of trout in great quantity in streams such as Medicine Lodge, Comas, and other creeks, all sinking into the plains after a course of from fifty to seventy-five miles. The trout appeared to be of the same two species in all, although the waters had no apparent connection.

The party expected to leave Fort Hall, and to proceed to Fort Bridger by way of Soda Springs, Bear Lake, and Evanston, and there to disband, the scientific party returning to the East.

An interesting work, entitled "Wanderings through Venezuela, along the Orinoco, through British Guiana, and along the Amazon, in the years 1849 to 1868, by Dr. CARL APPERN," has just appeared in Germany—being details of adventures, abstracts of which have been published from time to time in *Ausland*. Few books of modern travel, with the exception, perhaps, of Professor AGASSIZ'S work on Brazil, contain such a vast fund of information regarding the natural history and ethnology of the regions traversed; and its perusal will well repay the reader. Among other objects referred to by Dr. APPERN is the *Mikania guaco*, a plant which has lately come into notoriety under the name of *cundurango*. This, he states, is gathered with great eagerness by the natives, as being a perfectly effective remedy against the bite of poisonous serpents. The plant is either dried, and a decoction prepared, or else digested, when still fresh, in strong alcohol, and given to the patient. The author, however, says that he has found better results in snake bites, in his own experience, with liquid muriate of ammonia, which is to be partly rubbed into the wound, and partly taken internally, in the proportion of one tea-spoonful diluted in rum or water.

In a lately published number of the *Mittheilungen* Dr. PETERMANN gives an account of the exploring expedition of ROSENTHAL, of Bremen, into the Siberian Arctic Sea. This gentleman has been distinguished for some years past by his zeal in prosecuting a trading business in the high north, and for the extent to which he has connected with this inquiries into the natural history and physics of that region. The results obtained in Spitzbergen by Dr. BESSELS in the voyage of one of his vessels (the *Albert*) are well known. During the past year he sent out the *Bremenkorb*, manned by Norwegian sailors, and under the command of the Norwegian Captain MELSAM, to prosecute the seal fishery in the north, an experiment attended with such success that, after a short absence, the vessel returned with 6500 seals. During the present year Herr ROSENTHAL chartered the *Germania*, the well-known German exploring ship, and has sent her out, under the command of Captain MELSAM and his party, accompanied by Messrs. VON HEUGLIN and AAGARD, with an outfit and provisions for fifteen months, and all the necessary astronomical and physical apparatus. The vessel is to proceed direct to Nova Zembla, passing the Strait of Matotshkin into the Kara Sea, so as to reach the mouth of the Obi, and there to establish a harbor and refuge for heavy weather. From this point operations were to be carried on as far as possible toward the northeast, so as to reach the northernmost cape of Asia, as well as the islands of New Siberia. In returning, the most northern portions of the mainland of Asia were to be visited, and as many landings made as possible, especially near the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei. Physical observations were to be made on an extended scale, and large collections of objects of natural history gathered. Even should only a portion of this plan be carried out, such as the exploration of the region about the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei, much good will have been accomplished. But it is not improbable that the entire programme will be completed.

The expedition left Bremen on the 25th of June, and proceeded first to Tönsberg, and then to Tromsöe, from which point the latest advices, dated July 21, were transmitted. The expedition was to continue its voyage on the 23d of July, since which time no letters have been received.

We have already referred to the explorations which Messrs. PAYER and WEYPRECHT were about to make to King Charles Land (Gillies Land), and to the east of Spitzbergen; and in a late number of PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* we find further particulars of their enterprise. Subscriptions from various parties in Germany have been made to the amount of 6000 thalers, in addition to which instruments, ammunition, and weapons were supplied by the Austrian government and the Vienna Academy of Sciences. An entirely new vessel of suitable strength, of fifty-five tons burden, sixty feet long and fifteen broad, having six feet draught, cutter rigged, named the *Isbjörn* (or the *Polar Bear*), was chartered at Tromsöe for 1500 species thalers, including the pay of captain and crew of five men; in addition to which three experienced seamen were hired at twenty species thalers per month. The vessel was strengthened by a thin sheathing of iron reaching two feet above and two feet below the water-line. The total cost for the season for vessel and crew was to be about 2832 Prussian thalers, and it was to be completely ready for sea on the 15th of June.

According to Dr. PETERMANN, this expedition is first to attempt to penetrate into the polar sea northeast of North Cape, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. It was in this direction that Dr. EMIL BESSELS, on the ROSENTHAL steamer *Albert*, found a temperature of 4.6° R. at a latitude of 74° 45′, and longitude of 31° east: and it is probable that this warm current continues sufficiently far to the north to facilitate greatly the movements of these travelers.

Mr. RUTHERFORD, of New York, our most eminent American amateur astronomer, and especially known for his magnificent photographs of celestial bodies, has lately presented to Mr. BROTHERS, the English astronomical photographer, three superb negatives of the moon—one representing her in the first quarter, one when full, and one in the third quarter; and it is proposed to publish these in a volume containing about one hundred pages of descriptive letter-press. The work will also contain a map of the moon as we see her, and a chart, on the stereographic projection, showing the true shape and the relative dimensions of all the chief lunar features. The letterpress, map, and stereographic chart will be prepared by Mr. PROCTOR; the photographs by Mr. BROTHERS. The work will be got out on a magnificent scale, and sold at a guinea and a half to subscribers.

A new manual of zoology, by Mr. L. R. SCHMARDA, of Vienna, is now in the press, and will probably be a work of considerable value. This gentleman is well known for many scientific publications; and more especially for one in three volumes upon the geographic distribution of animals.

The death of Dr. MILLER, a well-known European cryptogamic botanist, has just been announced in the journals.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is a well-known historic fact that the ancient destruction of the forests of the Cevennes left large, rich tracts near the mouth of the Rhone exposed to violent northwest winds. Consequently the culture of the orange and olive became impossible in places where they were previously prolific. In Italy the clearing of the Apennines is believed to have seriously altered the climate of the valley of the Po, allowing hot, blighting winds to sweep over it. In France the removal of the old forests of the Vosges sensibly injured the climate of the plains of Alsace. The diminution of the rain-fall is a well-known consequence of the disappearance of forests. Therefore, looking beyond the immediate and dire misfortunes resulting from the forest fires which have devastated the West, it is painful to contemplate the change of climate which may follow in these sections, and the severe blow which the agricultural interests of the country may thereby receive. Hitherto the Western States and Territories have been subject to severe droughts from time to time; and if sweeping annual fires destroy the forests, the deficiency of rain in different localities will probably be in proportion to the deficiency of timber. Moreover, those sections which have been noted for uniform and salubrious climate will necessarily lose their present reputation. Can nothing be done for the preservation of our forests?—nothing for the prevention of these sweeping fires, so destructive to the gains and hopes of the farmer?

Among great conflagrations of modern times, that known as the great fire of London, in September, 1666, has been pre-eminent. It lasted four days; 13,000 houses were destroyed, besides eighty-nine churches and many public buildings; 400 streets were laid waste, and 200,000 people rendered houseless and destitute. In 1842 about one-third of the city of Hamburg, Germany, was burned: the fire raged four days, destroying 1747 houses. New York has had her full share of great conflagrations. In 1776 no less than 500 buildings were consumed at one time; in December, 1835, on a bitterly cold night, 600 valuable buildings, mostly warehouses, were consumed; in September, 1839, over forty buildings were burned; and in July, 1845, more than 300 stores and dwelling-houses in the lower part of the city were laid in ruins. Albany suffered from a great conflagration in 1848, at which time 600 buildings, with steamboats and piers, were destroyed. St. Louis had a great fire in May, 1849. In 1850 Philadelphia lost 350 buildings; and in 1865 a terrible conflagration occurred in the same city, originating among several thousand barrels of coal oil. A large portion of San Francisco (2500 buildings) was consumed in 1851. Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, lost 1100 buildings in April, 1845. About half the city of Charleston, South Carolina, was desolated by fire in 1833, 1158 buildings being destroyed. The great fire in Portland on July 4, 1866, is yet fresh in the memory of all: nearly half the city was laid in ruins. These are but a few of the greater fires among many great ones which have occurred in our country.

A Salem gentleman stood watching the immense audience which, at the close of one of the late meetings of the American Board in that city, poured out from Mechanic Hall. "I tell you," exclaimed he, turning to a friend, "there's a good deal of timber in the American Board!"

Two newspaper folders in the mailing-room of the Boston *Journal* recently engaged in a friendly competition in their business. The winner in the little game they played folded 1501 papers in one hour, there being four folds to each paper. The loser folded 1460 in the same time.

Twine becomes an important item of expense, when we consider that 10,565,000 yards were required to tie up the letters sent from the London Post-office to country places last year.

The young Duchess of St. Albans, whose recent death caused so much sadness among all who knew her, was a daughter of Queen Victoria's friend and private secretary, General Grey. She was greatly beloved by the Queen, who sent to her grave a wreath of immortelles, with the words, "A last tribute of love." The duchess was only twenty years of age, and possessed a singularly lovely character.

"Personals" in India journals are exceedingly interesting. For example: "We are very glad to learn that the marriage of Mr. Rughoonathdas Madhowdas, a Kupola Bunia merchant of Bombay, with Dhuncoorbal, the daughter of Shet Gudhurdas Mohundas, and the widow of Luchmichand Dhurumsey, was celebrated at Chinchpoogly."

Fishing at Ausauauquotausongomongstongo Lake, in Oxford County, Maine, is reported as first-rate. We recommend those who desire to go there before starting to write the name of the place on a card. That can be shown when necessary, and thus avoid danger of accident to the organs of speech.

Chicago lawyers have suffered severely. Law libraries and law offices were mostly swept away in the conflagration. Papers respecting suits pending in the county courts, judgments, and indictments were lost; so also probably many, if not all, records of deeds and mortgages.

There are now five hundred Japanese in this country engaged in studying our language, our institutions, and our customs. Not long ago the minister from Japan made a statement at Yale College to the effect that the English language was universally used in all the new schools of the country, and that eventually, by the influence of the schools, most of the Japanese would use the English tongue.

Twenty marriage licenses were issued in the midst of all the destruction and misery at Chicago during the week following the fire.

Paul Konewka, whose exquisite silhouettes are so much admired, was in the habit of carrying about with him black paper and scissors, and, with these materials, cutting out the likeness of whatever struck him, with marvelous quickness and dexterity.

The *Cornell Era* cynically inquires: "Suppose two Cornell students, dissatisfied with the Ithaca institution, should present themselves at Vassar and ask to be admitted to the lectures and recitations, to be permitted to occupy seats designed for the other sex, and to embarrass the ladies of the classes at Vassar by their presence—what would be the result?"

Montreal showed itself in earnest in contributing to the immediate relief of Chicago. Private citizens promptly forwarded their gifts of money to the treasurer of Chicago, and $10,000 worth of necessaries were dispatched at once to the suffering. A Montreal paper remarked, in connection with the great disaster: "With regard to the city in its corporate capacity contributing, say $50,000, it has been said to do this would be in violation of law. This is true; but charity is above law. The Legislature, which is soon to meet, would doubtless pass a short measure to legalize the appropriation; and the deed would scarcely fail to meet the approbation of the citizens generally."

"Ah!" exclaimed Brigham Young to a friend, on receiving ten boxes containing silk dresses and cashmere shawls for his thirty wives, "if you knew the cost of those goods you would not believe for a moment that I practiced polygamy as an earthly pleasure."

At the British Science Association at Edinburgh a paper was read on the "Importance of forming Provincial Museums," which might be connected with public libraries, and thus be useful to the common people. In connection with the discussion of this subject Miss Lydia Becker, a member of the School Board of Manchester, remarked that it had always seemed to her to be a matter of extreme importance to introduce such habits of observation as would follow from the introduction of natural science into elementary schools. She believed there was no portion of the population who were more likely to be interested in the matter than the children who attended these schools. They came there with their minds fresh and open to receive those impressions which were given in childhood, and they were very apt scholars. She thought it was of as much consequence to teach girls natural science as boys. With regard to the principles of physiology and the laws of health, she thought that if any difference was to be made between the sexes, the girls should be first considered in the matter, as so much of the health of the population depended on the intelligence of women in these matters.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE was a deacon in New Hampshire by the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sunday he heard a number of boys in front of his house, and went to stop their Sabbath-breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them: "Boys, do you know what day this is?" "Yes, Sir," replied one of the boys; "Deacon Day, the cooper!"

The lady of a mariner about to sail on a distant voyage sent a note to the clergyman of the parish expressing the following meaning: "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." Unfortunately the good matron was not skilled in punctuation, nor had the minister quick vision. He read the note as it was written: "A husband going to see his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

A letter with the following poetical direction was received at a Missouri post-office not long since:

"Carry me along safe and sound,
To Mary A. M—— I am bound,
Missouri Valley, early or late,
Harrison County, Iowa State."

What does a grocer do with all his things before he sells them?—Gives them a weigh.

An old Scottish woman, wishing to cross the River Forth, hesitated to enter the ferry-boat because a storm was brewing. The boatman asked if she would not trust in Providence. "Na, na," said she, "I would na trust in Providence as long as there is a bridge at Stirling."

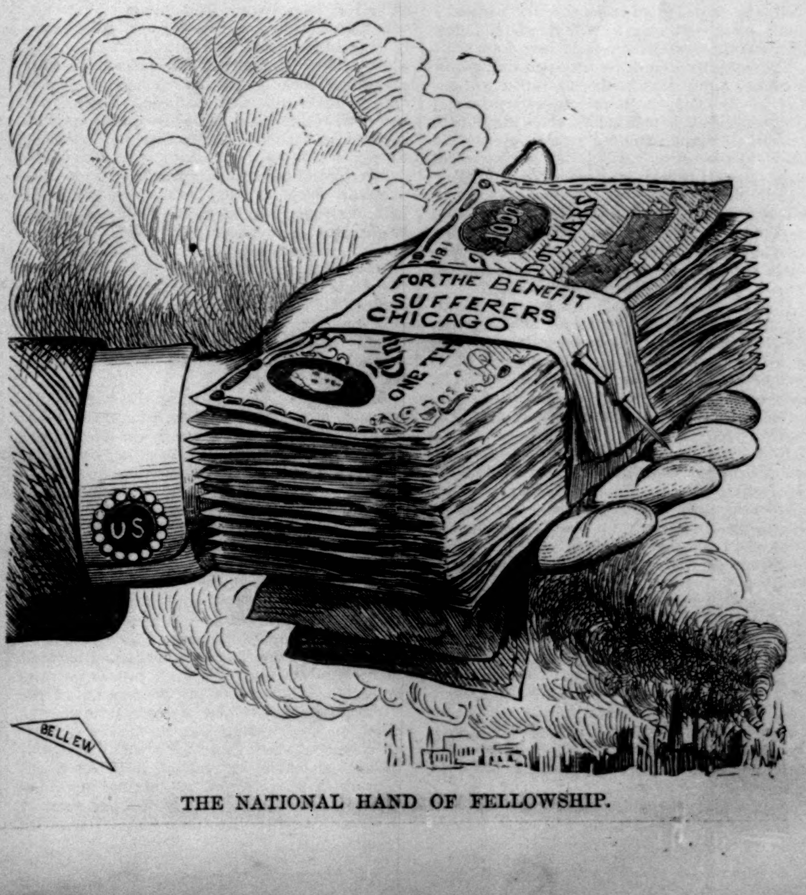
The attention of two drummers was attracted to a peculiar chimney on a house in Virginia, and asked a flaxen-haired urchin if it "drawed well." "Yes," replied the boy, "it draws the attention of all the fools that pass this road."

Oarsmen resemble Indian chiefs when they feather their sculls.

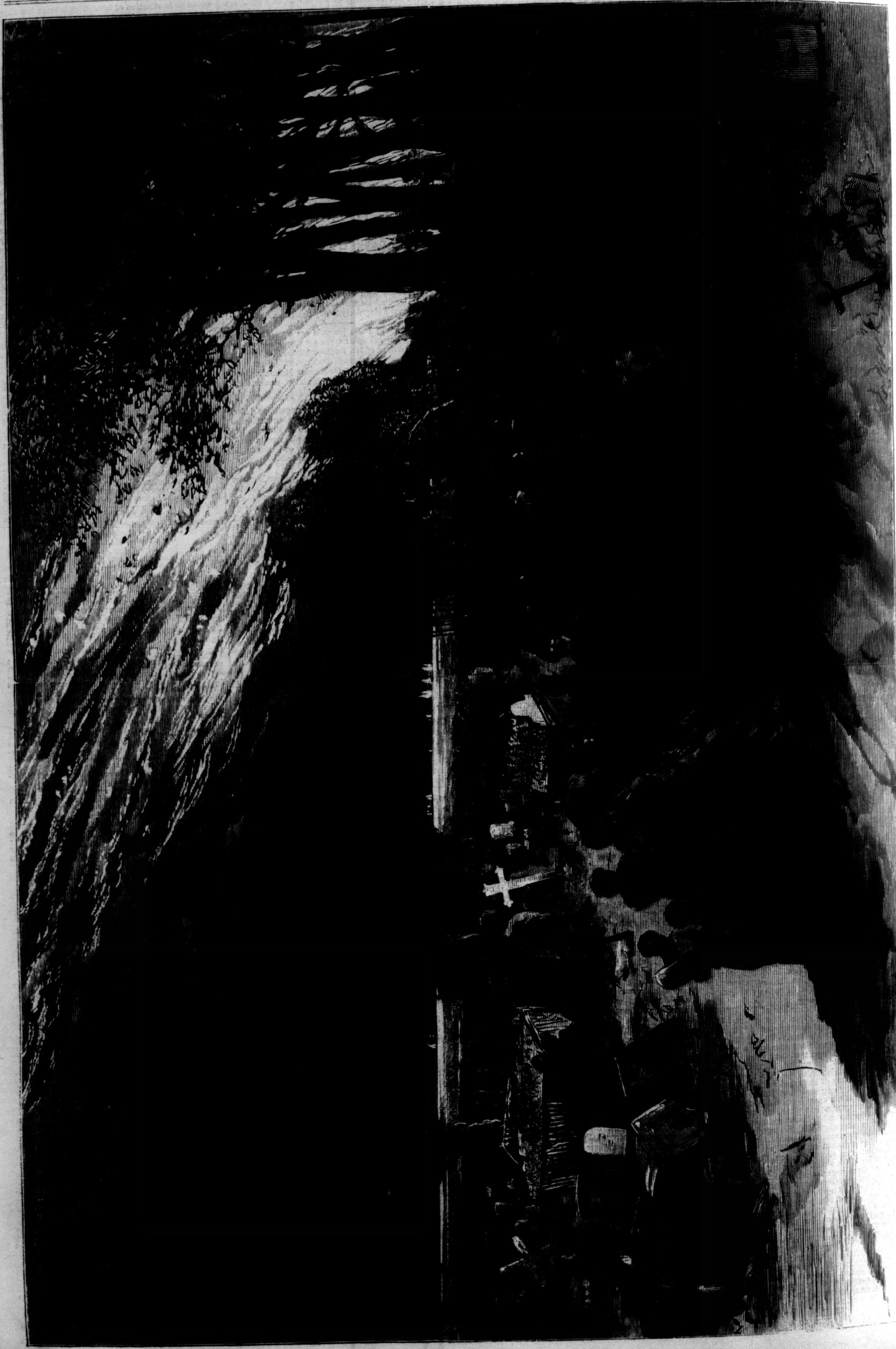
A man on the day he became one hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made, remarking that he wanted them built substantial, with plenty of hobnails. The store-keeper suggested that he might not live to wear such a pair of shoes out, when the old gentleman retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did last one!

Did you ever see a vegetarian or a teetotaler in "good animal spirits?"

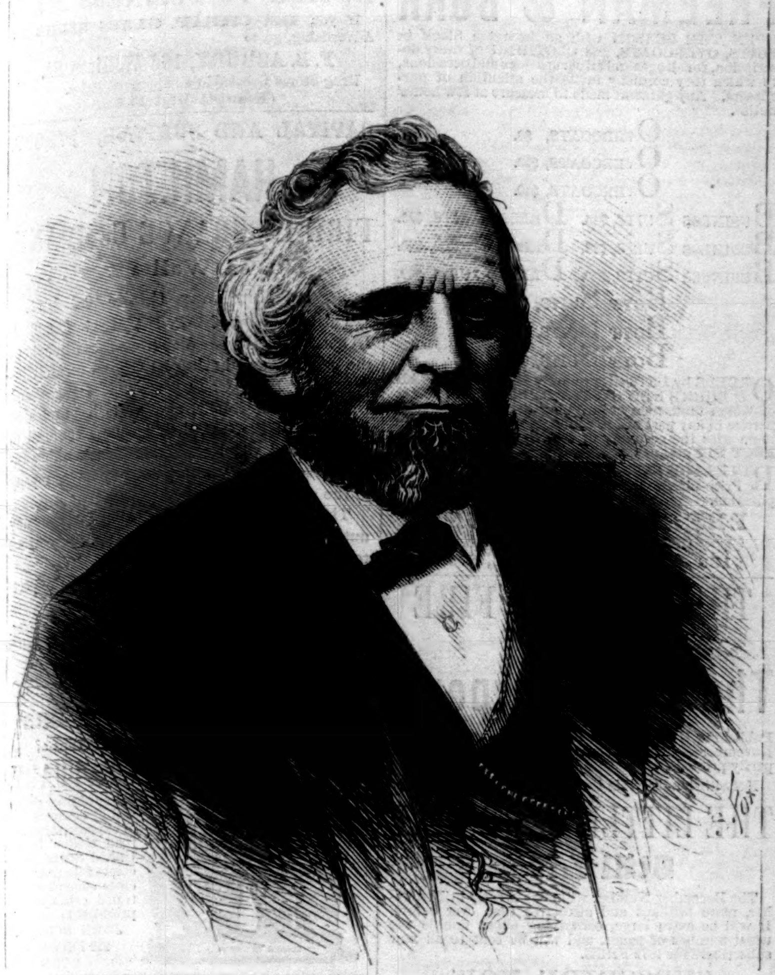
"Plase, Sir," said an Irishman to a traveler, "would yez be so oblaiging as to take me great-coat here to Boston wid yez?" "Yes," said the man in the wagon; "but how will you get it again?" "Oh, that's mighty aisy, so it is," said Pat, "for shure I'll remane inside uv it."



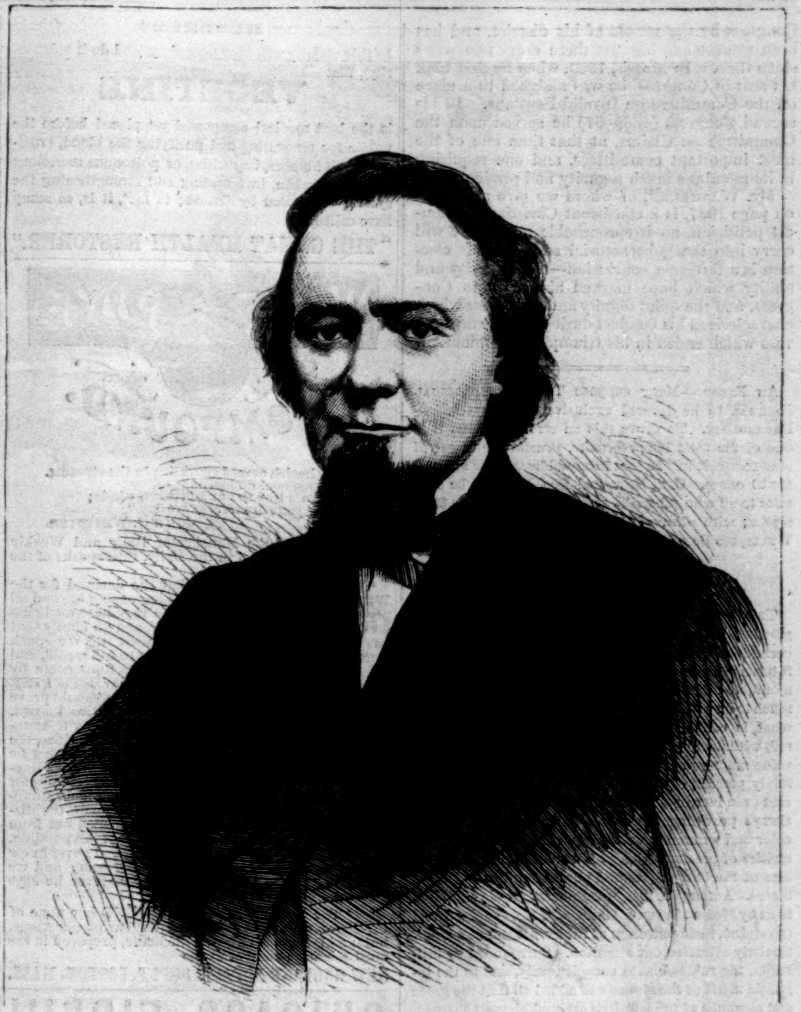
THE NATIONAL HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.



THE BURNING OF CHICAGO—RUSH OF FUGITIVES THROUGH THE POTTER'S FIELD TOWARD LINCOLN PARK.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1028.]



HON. W. B. WASHBURN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, BOSTON.]

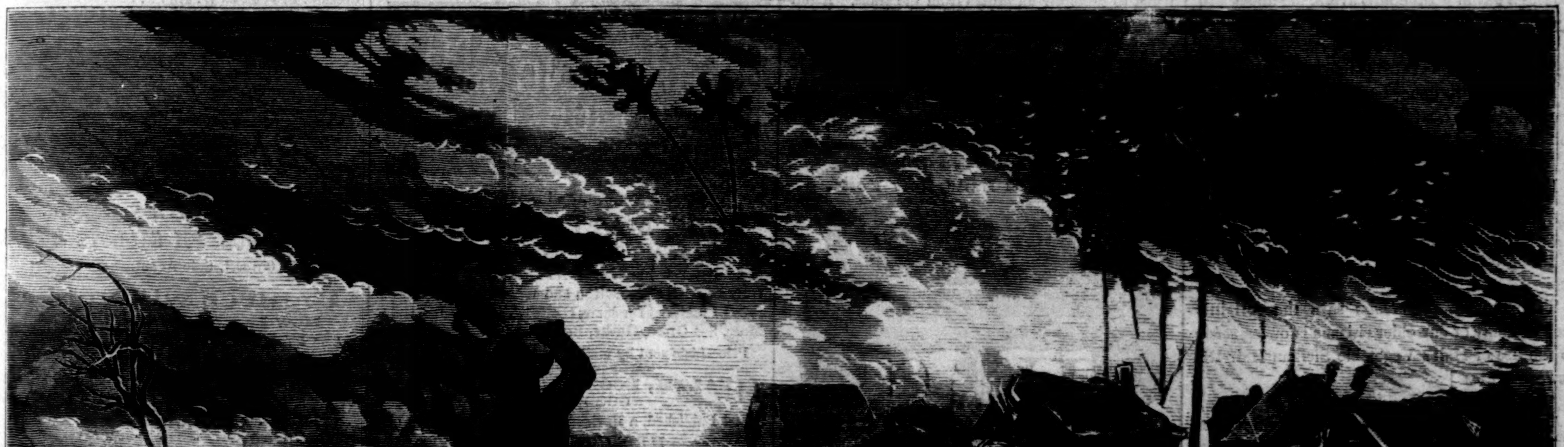


HON. CORNELIUS WALSH.—[SEE PAGE 1031.]

HON. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN.

THIS gentleman, the nominee of the Republican party for Governor of Massachusetts, has a long and most honorable public record. He was born January 31, 1820, in Winchenden, Massachusetts. Left an orphan at an early age, his youth was one earnest, persistent struggle for an education and a livelihood. Fitting for college at the Groton Academy, he entered Yale in the year 1840, and was graduated with honor four years later. His inclinations were toward a professional life, but the force of circumstances led him into business and politics.

His advent to public life was in the year 1850, when he was sent to the State Senate. In 1854 he was a member of the House. In 1856 he joined the Republican party, then just organized, and has acted with it conscientiously and consistently ever since. In 1862 he was elected to



THE GREAT FIRE AT PESHTIGO.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. J. TISDALE.—[SEE PAGE 1034.]

Congress by the people of his district, and has been returned to his seat there every two years since then. In March, 1863, when he first took his seat in Congress, he was assigned to a place on the Committee on Invalid Pensions. In his second Congress (1865–67) he served upon the Committee on Claims, at that time one of the most important committees, and one requiring in its members much sagacity and prudence.

Mr. Washburn, of whom we give a portrait on page 1037, is a consistent Christian, an honest politician, an irreproachable man. He will carry into the gubernatorial seat—for his election is a foregone conclusion—the integrity and ability which have marked his career in Congress, and the quiet dignity and manliness which characterized his conduct during the stormy canvass which ended in his triumphant nomination.

An Error.—Many suppose The Phrenological Journal to be devoted exclusively to a *specialty*—Phrenology. To prove this an error, and that it is one of the *most comprehensive*, *practical*, and *useful* Magazines, it will be sent to any address, *three months*, for 50 cents. Oct., Nov., and Dec. Nos. will be sent free to all who subscribe at once for 1872. Only $3 00 a year; with *either* of Harper's, $6 00. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

THE RUBY.

This beautiful stone, with its deep carmine tint, glowing like a coal of fire, is of the same family as the corundum. In hardness it resembles the diamond; it has a vitreous lustre, and, save the sapphire and diamond, no other stone can equal it in lustre. Size has much to do with its value; but color—the precise shade, what is called by experts "pigeon's-blood," a rich red, without blue or yellow—imparts to it the highest value among precious stones. The ruby, when absolutely perfect, equals the diamond in price, and the cost even increases in greater proportion with the size, always providing the stones are unexceptionable in color and without flaws. Large rubies are among the rarities of precious stones. Like the diamond, only rubies of the best grades find purchasers in the United States. Among the many magnificent jewels exhibited to us by Messrs. Starr & Marcus, of No. 22 John Street (up stairs), their collection of rubies, set and unset, particularly attracted our attention. Surrounded by brilliants, the rubies blazed conspicuously, and to the intrinsic merit of the stones was added all that the grace and elegance of the jeweler's art could impart to them. —[*Com.*]

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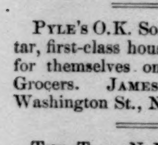

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From cool Chocorua stealing;
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Our pines are trees of healing."
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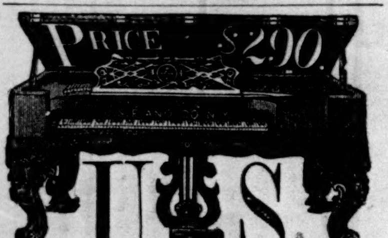

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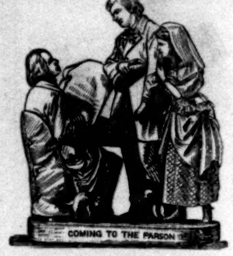

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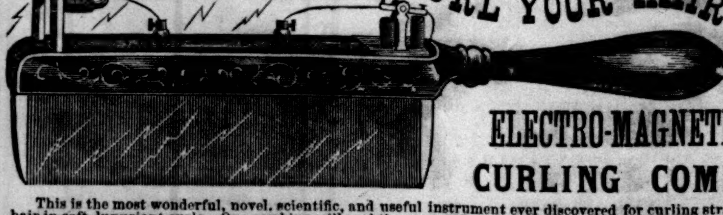

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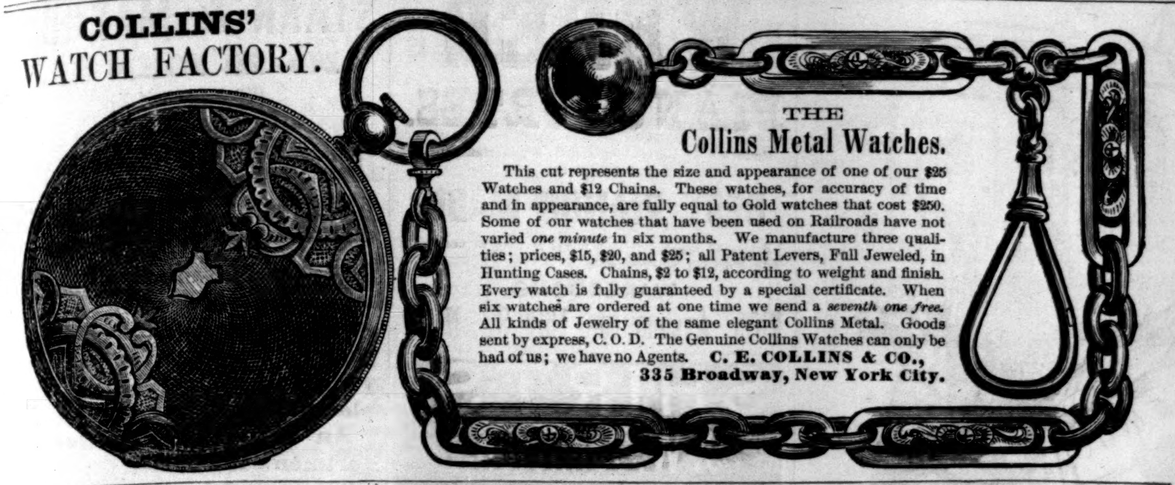

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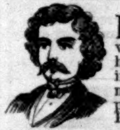

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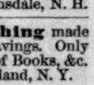

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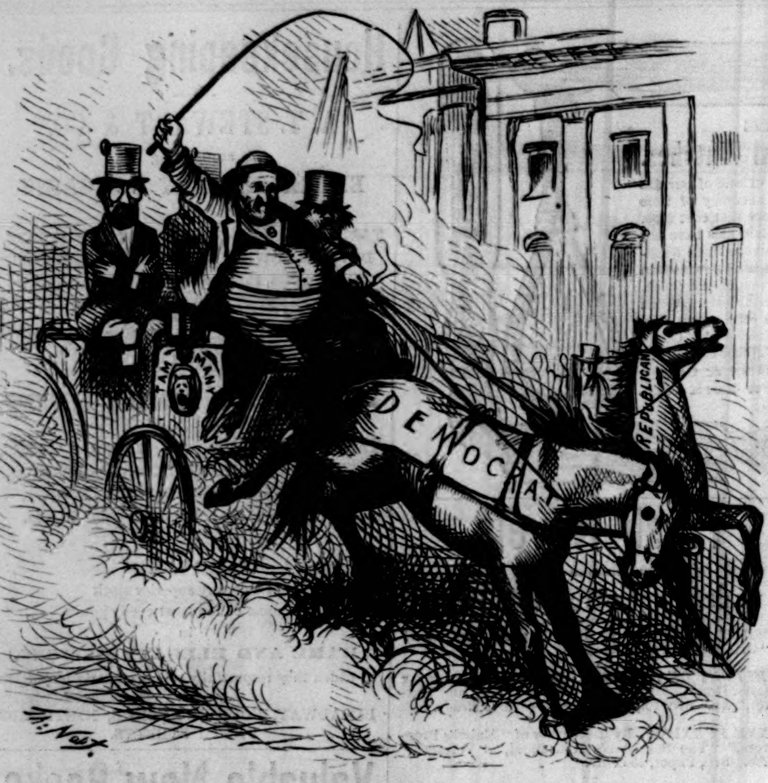

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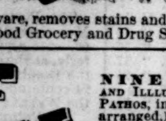

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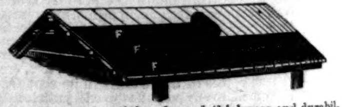

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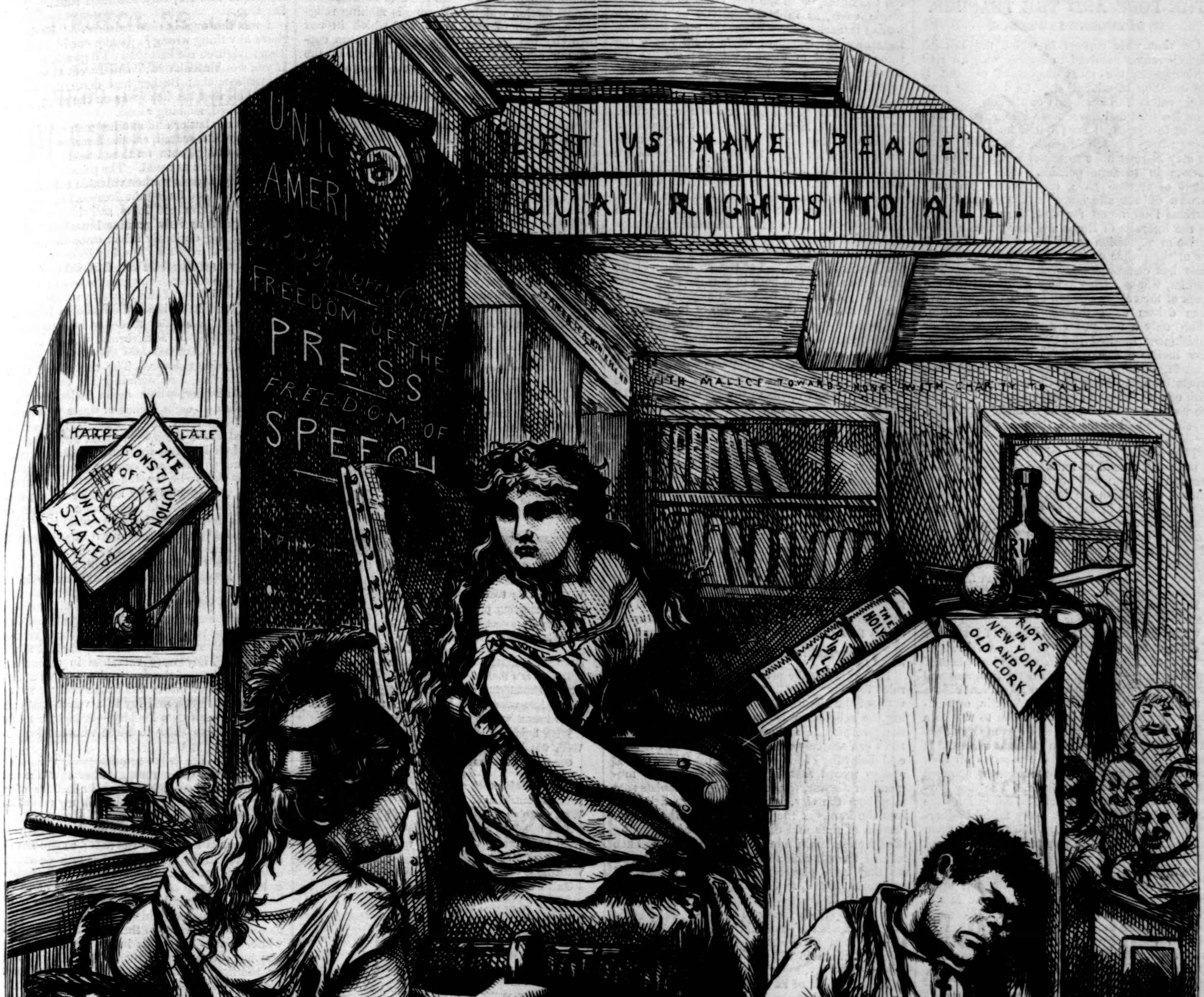
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[See "THE POPE AND THE TEACHER," Page 1042.]

THE POPE AND THE TEACHER.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Of that wide contest in which the Romish Church seems resolved to engage with all civil governments, the most important element is the question of education. An infallible pope might vainly hurl anathema or allocution against a nation that had never been instructed in obedience to the papal see; but if he can convert every where the school-teacher into the priest, he may at least hope to preserve a powerful influence in modern politics. The kings and rulers of Europe have, one by one, gradually thrown off all allegiance to the Romish see. Nations long noted for their bigoted devotion to the interests of Rome are now become more active in opposition to its tyranny than the rulers or the people of Protestant lands. Catholic Italy has destroyed the temporal power. The Jesuits, whose daring policy controlled the decrees of the recent Council of the Vatican, have been driven from the city of Rome. Spain, where only a few years ago imprisonment or banishment awaited the Protestant missionary, now invites a free religious discussion. Even Austria, whose government seemed based upon superstition, abolishes the Concordat, and treats with contempt those minatory appeals by which the pope seeks to arouse its Catholic population to rebellion and to disturb the peace of the progressive empire.

The cause of the swift fall of the papal power is the rapid spread of knowledge. Science has avenged Galileo, and brought into contact with modern civilization the dark places of the earth. Rome itself was invaded by the railroad and the telegraph, in defiance of the dull opposition of Gregory or Pius. Spain and Italy have yielded to the assaults of the school-master and the engineer; and for the first time since Hildebrand all Western Europe is set free from the political usurpation of an Italian priest.

Had the Vatican Council assented to the demands of the people for a new education; had it welcomed the teacher, the man of letters or of science, to its Church as the firmest friends of a reformed faith; had it softened the harshness of a priestly rule—it might, at least, have preserved for the papacy the sympathy of its ancient allies; it might have temporized with Austria, or pacified Italy and Spain. But it chose to rise to a height of assumption from which even the Council of Trent had shrunk in prudent alarm. It decreed the superiority of the pope to all civil governments, threatened persecution, denounced the progress of modern reform. The new governments and the new systems of education were included in its anathemas; every faithful adherent of the Romish see is, in effect, called upon to rise in defense of its spiritual despotism, and overturn every institution that stands in the path of the infallible Church.

This, at least, is the interpretation put upon the decrees of the council in all Catholic lands. It is stated that in Germany a fierce excitement has arisen, quite unparalleled in modern history; that cities are torn by religious strife, families divided, neighbors and friends at variance; that even tolerant Prussia, secure in a military rule, has been driven to break up or restrain its Catholic schools, or force upon them liberal teachers; that the mischievous activity of the Jesuits has made them once more a terror to pacific Germans; that the hidden designs of the papal faction are awakening sincere alarm in the kings and people of the Continent. It is suggested that the future policy of the extreme Romanists will be to excite revolution and promote anarchy, to arouse the flames of discord in every progressive nation, to stimulate the evil instincts of men, and point to the horrors they have themselves occasioned as the just judgments from above upon the enemies of the vicegerent of Heaven.

How far these dark anticipations now stirring the German mind may be fulfilled in the event, we do not seek to determine; they suffice to show what is the aspect which the Romish Church now presents to the statesmen of Europe. It has become more than ever before an object of dread. It has identified itself with the society of the Jesuits; and all the dark intrigue and cunning policy, all the unscrupulous morals and unsparing cruelty, all the fatal blindness and fierce audacity, which history imputes to that ambitious order must hereafter be associated with the political designs of Rome.

Such is the foreign power which is asking or urging us, in no modest tone, to throw down one of the bulwarks of our republican institutions—to destroy our common-school system, and introduce a method of instruction that has failed notoriously in every European country. In France and England denominational schools have left the greater part of the people uneducated. In Austria the government has been forced to remove its children from the control of the priests. The Italian schools are all under the ban of the pope. In Germany, where a liberal form of Catholicism prevails, and where the state exercises a rigorous control over the system of education, the government has already learned to look with alarm upon the disloyal influence of its Romish teachers. In Holland, where a system prevails nearly similar to our own, education has risen to its highest excellence, and has proved the firmest ally of religion, morality, and general prosperity.

With us the common school, more than any other influence, has confirmed the advance of freedom. It has linked together, by a golden tie of intelligence and good sense, the East and the West. It is blending into one united and vigorous nation the various races that have met together on the broad territory that spreads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The common-school system is as useful and as effective in the rich wheat fields of Minnesota, on the shores of the Columbia, or in the new cities of the California coast, as in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania; it teaches every where the same lesson of fraternity and equality; offers every where the same standard of mental culture; softens the tendency to sectional differences; repels the European ideas of caste; dissolves the bitterness of opposing creeds; and, with a mighty power, holds together the foundations of the republic. Happy would it have been for the Southern States had they early recognized the political value of the teacher. Slavery might then have been peacefully laid aside, and a dreadful retribution escaped. But the slave-holders were always the bitterest foes of the common school, and, when they rose in rebellion, fell crushed and powerless before the intellectual agent they had despised.

A similar fate awaits the mental tyranny of the Romish Church. Yet the struggle will, no doubt, be a long one both in Europe and America. It will chiefly be felt in populous cities. One of the most curious passages in history is the control which the extreme faction of the Romish priesthood has long held in New York. It is safe to say that for twenty years the politics of our city have been usually governed by the priest; that an Italian faction has selected the rulers of the metropolis of the New World. The result is sufficiently appalling. Romish bishops and priests, selected by the pope, have aimed incessant blows, from the pulpit or through the elections, at our common schools. Their vigor has been impaired, their morals tainted. It is estimated that twenty thousand children, chiefly Irish, have been shut out from the schools by the influence of the priests or the deficiencies of our system; that while in Berlin or Amsterdam no child is left without instruction, in New York the vagrant horde of ignorant and vicious youth is every year increasing. The ban of the pope has chiefly fallen upon the unlucky Irishman. Always the chosen victim of the Italian priest, he is forbidden in New York or Cincinnati to send his children to the public schools. He is condemned by his foreign masters to perpetuate in the New World the ignorance and the folly they had entailed upon him in the Old.

In New York the priests and the slave-holders ruled for many years harmoniously together. The votes of the Romish section of our citizens during the rebellion were uniformly aimed against the government; and even the gallantry of Sheridan can scarcely efface the memory of the general disloyalty of his countrymen. History must always record that, in the most disastrous moments of the war, the unreflecting Romanists rose to pillage the city, and apparently to deliver it into the hands of the slave-holders; that a succession of riots and disorders has arisen among the ignorant multitude to whom the priests have refused the education of freemen; that the rulers they have placed in office have committed enormous crimes, and that the utter ruin of the city was only averted by a sudden discovery of their guilt. Such facts are lessons. They show the urgent need of enforcing a thorough system of education upon our foreign population; of teaching them loyalty to the government, the value of honesty, and the duty of gratitude.

A new period of advance seems opening upon us. We have destroyed slavery, and with it have passed away many delusions and many crimes. We have seen the French empire sink amidst its corruptions, and the temporal power of the pope perish with the decaying glories of France. Our own country resounds with the clamor of industry; he who labors is certain to reap a full reward; immense regions of unbounded fertility are opening to the new generation, and from the toiling throngs arises a cry for honesty and justice, by which alone industry can secure its honorable gains. Virtues long forgotten are once more sought for; the shocking aspect of vice, cowering, revengeful, yet shameless, amidst its heaps of gold, is more than ever repulsive. We believe that the new generation will be possessed of a mental and moral vigor unknown to the past; will refresh its strength with active labor; will rise to the refinement of a well-ordered mind. But that it may do so it will need all the aid of the public schools. The land must be sown thickly with busy school-houses. The teacher must stand at the head of the advancing generation. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the lessons of history and of reason must flow in an unfailing tide, and all men be taught that the vices and follies of the past should be the scorn of freemen.

In fortunate Holland, we are assured by Baron Cuvier and Mr. Nichols, there is neither physical nor mental want: no beggars are seen in the streets of its cities; no man that can labor will consent to live in dependence. There is no one in all Holland of sane mind that has not received a careful education. Its teachers are cultivated to the highest pitch of mental and moral excellence; are held in the most sincere esteem as the chief benefactors of the state; are admitted to be the source of general prosperity and content. The schools are attended by both Catholics and Protestants in unbroken harmony. Religious discussion is carefully excluded from the course of education, and rival sects forget their differences in their common thirst for knowledge. No penalty is imposed to oblige parents to send their children to the schools; but whoever neglects to do so is deprived of all aid from the public charities. A similar provision might be added with advantage to our own system; and we may trust the time is not distant when in every American city the teachers will be as accomplished, the schools as nearly perfect, the bitterness of sectarianism as little felt, as in Haarlem or Amsterdam.

But to the demand of an Italian priest that we should abandon our national system of education there can be but one reply—the common schools shall be maintained. Public policy alone would forbid us to yield to the arts of that dangerous faction which in Europe is making religion a source of civil strife, and which in our own city has brought more than European corruption and crime. But the strength of the common-school system lies in the general favor of the people. Its benefits are felt through the growing population of the Northwest, on the shores of the Pacific, amidst the golden cliffs of Nevada. It follows the settler as he makes new paths in the wilderness. It will throw its protecting shield over the future millions who are to throng the vast and tempting region from St. Paul to the mouth of the Columbia, where a whole nation might be lost in the opulent solitude. It will be cherished in the Eastern cities as the surest bulwark against the rising flood of European ignorance and barbarism. It will become dear to all classes and creeds. Nor is it incredible that the Catholics of the New World will at length hear with indifference the anathemas of the pope against modern education, and become as resolute and bold as the Catholics of Italy or Spain in defense of freedom and progress.

DOWN STREAM.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The river-reaches wind,
The whispering trees accept the breeze,
The ripple's cool and kind:
With love low-whispered 'twixt the shores,
With rippling laughters gay,
With white arms bared to ply the oars,
On last year's first of May.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The river's brimmed with rain,
Through close-met banks and parted banks
Now near now far again:
With parting tears caressed to smiles,
With meeting promised soon,
With every sweet vow that beguiles,
On last year's first of June.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The river's flecked with foam,
'Neath shuddering clouds that hang in shrouds
And lost winds wild for home:
With infant wailings at the breast,
With homeless steps astray,
With wanderings shuddering tow'rd one rest,
On this year's first of May.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The summer river flows
With doubled flight of moons by night
And lilies' deep repose:
With lo! beneath the moon's white stare
A white face not the moon,
With lilies meshed in tangled hair,
On this year's first of June.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
A troth was given and riven;
From heart's trust grew one life to two,
Two lost lives cry to Heaven:
With banks spread calm to meet the sky,
With meadows newly mowed,
The harvest paths of glad July,
The sweet school-children's road.

A DEAD-LOCK, AND ITS KEY.

"A note for *you*, ma'am. No answer."

I was resting in my own room, after riding—it was six o'clock, too early to dress for dinner, too late to dress twice after taking off my habit—sleeping over a book, and comfortable in my white dressing-gown. I was bored by the interruption. The note was no more than this:

"Dear Saleen,—I must stay where I am, and you must go by yourself to the Lesters'—you won't mind. I saw Jack, and he said there was no party, as it would be troublesome, with the wedding to-morrow, and the dining-room is given up to the breakfast. I've sent back the brougham. Thine, Fred."

Fred is my brother, and was invited, like myself, to dine quietly with these Lesters, whose pretty daughter was to be married next day to a friend of ours—specially Fred's and mine—Sir John March, commonly called "Jack."

"What keeps Fred?" was my passing thought; then I read a little longer, dressed, and drove to Portman Square. As I turned the corner, I saw visible preparations and signs of the morrow's wedding at the Lesters' door. A cart with flowers was unloading; an awning was being put up over the balcony and hall door; men in white aprons came and went. As the brougham drew up I could see through the open door the bustle and stir within. At home in the house, I opened the dining-room door to see what progress was being made with the tables. Several maid-servants and some of the confectioner's men were arranging the ornaments and flowers; the cake, with its conventional erection, stood conspicuous. My friends' maid was putting moss into the flower-baskets, and decorating the high dishes containing the more durable part of the feast. "Well, Barker," I was beginning, when I caught the woman's eyes. She was doing her work with a strange gravity, and her face was full of horror and pain. When she saw me, she let fall the flowers in her hand.

"Oh, ma'am! oh, Miss Sarah! you've come."

"Of course I've come," I answered. "What is the matter?"

"You haven't seen them, ma'am, have you?"

"Seen who?—the ladies? No; I came straight in here to look at the tables. Is there any thing wrong? I suppose we're to dine in the library for to-day? How nice it all looks!"

"Nice! Oh, ma'am, it's a mockery; it's awful! To see it all, and to go on as if—as if— O Lord!" and the woman sat down, and rocked herself to and fro, with the tears running down her face.

I was thoroughly alarmed now. "Barker, *is* there any thing wrong? Is any one ill, or dead? Don't frighten me like this. I'll go and see them if you won't speak out;" and I went to the door. I just saw that Barker had descended to the floor, and that her head was on the chair, which she clutched, sobbing aloud.

I met the butler and another man crossing the hall, both with scared, solemn faces, and went on to the morning-room, on the same floor. There all looked much as usual. The pride of the house and of my friends' rather valuable collection of antiquities stood facing the door—a huge cabinet, with massive clamped doors, and richly cut brass-work—*ciselé* as only genuine brass-work of old time can be; curiously inlaid wood-work; marvelous locks, which no one but its owner understood, and no one else dared meddle with. It was a very old friend, the great *armoire;* playing with the children of the house in my own childhood, I knew it, inside and outside, by heart. A mystery and a wonder then—an interest later—always a thing to admire and wonder at even now.

It had three doors. The centre one, about four feet wide, and certainly six inches thick, shut in another, which again inclosed, with a space of about eight inches of waste room, a set of six drawers, of different sizes, and a sort of cupboard above them. We used to stand as little children between the drawers and the inner door, and wonder, supposing we were shut in, whether we could breathe long in that narrow inclosure, or be heard by any one without, supposing—awful thought!—we were forgotten, or the outer door were shut. I remember thinking of it in bed at night, as nervous children will think of such things, till I was cold with horror. Both these two doors shut with a catch which was not a lock; but we children were forbidden ever to open or shut them, except when Mr. Lester was present. It was doubtful if any one else knew how to open them, for no one ever tried. The two side doors opened with curious keys, which stood in the locks, chained to the armoire. They were valuables in themselves. The great key of the centre door, worth a hundred pounds or more, was considered too sacred for common eyes, and lay in a velvet-lined case in Mr. Lester's own keeping—brought out only occasionally to show to those who could appreciate such things.

It stood there in the summer twilight, looming darkly in the quiet room, darker than the rest of the house, as back-rooms in London often are. Chilly, it seemed to me, in my thin white dress, coming from the hall full of sunset light. Turning to leave the room, I saw a man lying prone on his face upon the sofa; so still and so straight and so strange in his attitude that I could only stare for a minute, and wonder whether he was asleep or dead. His hands were over his ears, grasping his hair, as if in pain; and I noticed the soles of his boots turned quite up, as one notices trifles in the midst of alarm or bewilderment. The nails in his boots showed he was not dressed for dinner. His hat was lying on the floor on its side. His face I could not see; but I knew it was Jack March, and I touched his arm in wonder.

"Jack, are you awake? Are you asleep? What is it?" I asked, with growing alarm. Was I to find something strange in every room I entered in this house? "Jack!" I said, again. He turned, and I saw his wild, haggard face, that looked at me with vague eyes that seemed not to see; and then he put his head down with a moan, and covered his ears once more, as if to shut out sight and sound. The room felt darker and chillier for this silent figure; and the gaunt old armoire seemed bigger and more oppressive. I ran out of the room in a sort of panic. Up stairs, the drawing-room door stood open. The glow of the sunset was over the room, bright with flowers and pictures; and the open windows showed the balconies lined with red cloth, and ready for the guests next day. Silence here, and silent figures, two of them—one crouched upon the floor, with arms outstretched upon a sofa; another lying half across an ottoman—the bride's mother and sister. As I came in and spoke, now fairly bewildered and frightened, Mrs. Lester rose up with a despairing wail.

"Saleen, Saleen!" She stood shaking and crying out my name.

"Dear Mrs. Lester," I said, taking the poor woman's cold hands, "come and sit down and tell me what has happened. Kate!" I called to the girl on the floor, "come and give me that cushion." She came mechanically, and helped her mother to the arm-chair. "Now tell me, if you can—" But Mrs. Lester's head had fallen back upon the cushion, and she had fainted. The girl roused herself.

"No wonder," she said; "she has eaten nothing all day; and then all this. It's too awful, Saleen. I shall go mad if I think; and papa has never come back!"

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know. We sent down to the club and to the House: they can't find him. And we've searched his room, and it's not there. It's nowhere. And Jack is nearly wild; and we daren't break it open."

"It! What, child? Can't you say what you are talking about? *I* shall go mad next. *What* can't you find? And what ails you all?"

"Saleen, it's Mary. Mary is in there, and the key is gone, and papa is away; and she's dying there—suffocating;" and the girl flung herself on the floor with wild sobs and tears. Mrs. Lester lay forgotten in her swoon; Kate rolled in unavailing misery on the carpet. I fled down stairs. The servants were as busy as ever. I knew it all now.

"Good God!" I said to the butler, who was carrying in a tray of glass, "are you going on with all this useless folly, and that girl dying in the next room? Is no one going to try to save her?"

Davis stood still and looked at me pityingly; he shook his head sadly, and went on.

I rushed into the street: a policeman was standing near the carts. "Come here," I said. "You"—to another man—"go and get a blacksmith. Run for your life! Tell them to bring tools to open locks and unscrew every thing. Run!—And you get a hatchet; get any thing: come and break open the great cabinet." I gasped to the servants, who came out to see what it all meant: "Don't lose a moment. Great Heaven! the time that has been lost already!" They obeyed me, dispersing hither and thither. It seemed hours before the men came back with tools. "Try the hinges first. Are there screws?" There was that chance; and they worked at them, removing several heavy curious nails and screws, but seeming no nearer the object; the door was fast and firm. "Oh, break it down!" I screamed at last; "break it with the hatchet. What does any thing matter, but her life—her life!"

"Her life!" said some strange voice close to me, and there stood Jack March, swaying like a drunken man, with scared eyes and wild hair. Was his reason gone or going?

"Don't!" he shouted to a workman who was lifting the hatchet to break in the door. "Not up there. Her head." And then he stooped his ear to the key-hole, listened intently a minute, raised his hand as if to demand silence, and, the intelligence fading out of his face, he rose with a discordant laugh and walked away. "Bah!" he said: "her life against Lester's cabinet—her life against a key." We did not even look round to see where he went stumbling through the hall, where he fell in a fit upon the floor.

Fearing to injure that imprisoned figure—living or dead, who could tell?—we left the door, and proceeded to break into the middle compartment from the wings. The grand old workmanship resisted: there seemed no weak point, no crevice, no possibility of breaking into the huge thing without fear of harm to *that* which it held locked and fast, within a few inches of our light and air and living life, done to death by a bit of clever machinery, the work of a dead hand. I would not think of beautiful Mary Lester as she might be, must be, if another hour went by. All this time no questions were asked. I never knew till afterward how it had all happened; how her father, only an hour or so earlier, exhibiting his wonderful cabinet to a connoisseur in such matters, had gone up stairs with his friend to show the key he prized so much, leaving the cabinet door open, intending to return; how Mary and the children, a younger brother and sister, had come in; and how the unusual sight of the open door had attracted them; how she looked in, and told the little ones she had not stood inside it "so" since she was as little as they were, and, laughing, tried to stand in the old place. "I am not too big even now, am I?" she said; and the children ran to see, and pushing the doors against her, the spring caught, and shut her in with death and suffocation; while they went shouting to the others that sister Mary was "in there shut up," and they "couldn't let her out."

No, they could not let her out. Mr. Lester and his friend had gone off with the key, to show it to some one who had doubted its date—so it appeared from one of the boys who now came in. He had heard them talking on the stairs as they went out.

"He said: 'Jarvis knows nothing about it; he has never seen it,'" said the boy, sobbing. "I heard him. I know he said Jarvis."

"That will be Colonel Jarvis, in Charles Street, ma'am," said Davis. "Maybe, if we sent there—"

There were voices outside, and Barker looked in with a white face of horror.

"It's master coming in," she said, in a sort of whisper.

We all stood back. Who would tell him? Who was to say, Your girl is behind that immovable door?

But the boy, frightened enough at his father at other times, went up to him, trying to speak quietly. "The key, Sir. Quick, for God's sake!"

"Key! What—what's all this? Good God! Sir"—seizing a servant by the collar, and flinging him to one side, like a cat—"do you know what you're doing, meddling with that cabinet? Why, it's worth thousands! God bless me! what does all this mean?" He was purple with anger. "Don't stand staring. Sarah Heriot," he thundered, "you are not a fool. Be good enough to explain this—this—"

I went up to him sick with horror. "The key is wanted," I managed to say. "There is some one inside—dying."

"Some one—dying—in there! Who? What! Who is it, girl?" He shook me by the shoulder till I winced with pain.

"Oh, the key, the key! Never mind any thing else, Sir. Only open it quick, and lose no more time."

He looked sharply round. Mrs. Lester and Kate were standing at the door, with their terrified, miserable faces. He took in the rest of us with a glance.

"Where's Mary?" he said, suddenly. No one spoke. "Why the devil don't you answer me? *Who* is shut in there? How could any one be there? Trash! But his face was growing ashy gray, and his lips whitened as he spoke. "Ah, my God! I never shut the door! It is not *Mary*, not my girl that's—" He pointed with a shaking hand to the heavy door. "And—I haven't the—key!"

He made one rush into the street. The servants standing about were swept right and left, as he tore past them down Orchard Street into Oxford Street. They could see the hatless, fleeing figure disappearing in the distance.

Mrs. Lester came into the hall. The doctor and others were busy about poor Jack March, who lay on the dining-room sofa, with closed eyes, happily unconscious. The timid mistress of the house stood by the staircase, her face, her voice, her whole appearance changed and aged in the last hour.

"He has gone for the key; he can't be back," she said, speaking like a woman in a dream, "not for half an hour." She looked round stupidly and smiled. "He will kill me, you know; but the cabinet *shall* be broken open—broken to pieces! Never mind. Fancy *waiting* for the key!" she laughed. "Break it down, I tell you! *I* give the order. Do you hear me?"

Two workmen came from the side door, where a fresh and useless attempt had been made to remove the panel without injury to the front or to the imprisoned girl.

"We might loosen the wood-work, and strike it out, mum; and go on taking out screws, same time."

"Do it."

Sharp blows upon chisels now, and several screws removed from lock and hinges.

"Strike at the hinges with the hatchet," came Mrs. Lester's altered voice, hard and wiry, usually so low and hesitating. "Cut them through; it *can* be done—it *shall*."

They struck with a will; the hatchet edge was pressed to the weakest part, and heavy blows from a mallet upon that. The hatchet edge was turned, and a dint made; some of the work injured and broken—but no more.

"Cut through the panel," suggested Kate. "Surely wood can be broken."

"It's all lined with iron, mum," said Davis; "it is as good as a safe. But we might try."

Three telling blows. The room suddenly darker, a chill sough of wind from the window, and the door swung to with a bang. Every one looked round. A growl of distant thunder, and a faint flash of lightning accounted for it next moment. More blows, and a long ominous roll, and the lightning playing across the great armoire; then an avalanche of rain and hail—all strange and incongruous on this fine evening. The room was nearly dark. One of the men spoke: "Is there a step-ladder in the house?" It was brought. "I'll try the top, with your leave, ma'am. Ah, if I had a light now!" He was given a taper from the library table. "Bill"—to his companion—"look here; hold the light, and keep a hand on the side." He lifted the hatchet, and gave a swinging blow—another—an awful clap of thunder, and the next flash showed every white face to the other. Quick steps in the hall, and the door flung wide; a wild, wet figure threw the key among us, and fell in a heap on the floor. With a wrench, the man on the ladder tore off the upper moulding, and half the roof of the armoire. Mrs. Lester took up the key, fumbled with the lock, let it fall with a shriek. Barker caught it from her, put it in, and turned it. "Open it," she whispered to one of the men; "*I* can't." She turned away, sick with dread. It was opened, showing nothing but the terrible inner door, whose spring was only known to the master, lying senseless on the floor.

"Take off more here," one of the men shouted; "it will give air till the door's got open."

Good thought. They worked savagely.

Mrs. Lester was on her knees by her husband. "Oh, get brandy! Get him to speak! He could tell us how!" They did what they could. "William! Oh, speak to me! How can I open it, the spring—the inner door?"

The white lips moved, and the head with its dripping hair rolled to one side, but no sound came. The men worked wildly now. All thought of sparing the beautiful front and brass-work was forgotten. They tore and hammered at the inner door, whose smooth polished surface presented no crevice or join where to strike first—where to insert a chisel or direct a blow. As they worked, consciousness returned to Mr. Lester: he half sat up, supporting himself against the door; but no words came, though his lips moved, and his eyes looked with intense eagerness at the destruction of his precious armoire. He lifted his hand and looked mutely at his wife. She put her head down to his lips. "What is it? What shall I tell them to do?" He beat his hand upon the floor.

Kate sprung forward: "I know! I know! Strike on the floor, at the foot of the inner door! Oh, I remember, it was there!"

Davis felt with his hand all along the polished surface of the lowest shelf. "Here, press here; give me a hammer." He felt a slight rise, and struck gradually all about the spot Kate showed him. A deafening clap of thunder, and a flash, blinding us for the moment, and we all crowded close, and then came a creak, drowned in the awful thunder.

"It's open," said one of the men.

Kate slid to the floor, twisting my dress about her head.

Davis turned from the door. "I daren't look," he said. "Do you," to the carpenter's man. "Open it gently."

Barker stretched forward, turned round, tried to say something, and burst out crying.

"I can't see," said the man, with a strange, thick voice. "Bring the light, some one." For ten awful seconds there was silence in the dim room, then a cry and a heavy fall.

"Saleen," said a voice close to me, "do you know it's a quarter past seven, and you are due at the Lesters' at half past; and not even dressed? Here's your book fallen down."

I had been asleep over an hour.

If I felt like a conspirator at the Lesters' pleasant dinner, it is not surprising, but I did not mention my dream.

HOW OUR ANCESTORS TRAVELED.

CARTS and chariots of a rude construction have been used from very early times, but carriages that can in any way be considered as the precursors of our present elegant vehicles were not invented or brought into use until the Middle Ages; and for many years after the first introduction of coaches they were only used by ladies, and by them only upon state occasions. Kings and knights considered all kinds of carriages as effeminate machines, and scorned to be seen within them. Judges and lawyers rode the circuits, physicians visited their patients on horseback, and popes, bishops, and abbots ambled on quiet horses or mules. As late as the reign of Francis I. there were only three coaches in Paris. One of these belonged to the queen, another to Diana of Poitiers, and the third to René de Laval, a corpulent nobleman, who was unable to ride on horseback.

Many ladies objected to riding in carriages, and frequently used asses or rode pillion. Even queens adopted the latter mode of traveling, and there is an amusing story that illustrates this practice in the eleventh century. Bartholomew, the founder of the Leslie family (Earls of Rothes), was a noble Hungarian, who came to Scotland with Queen Margaret, in 1067, as her chamberlain. Her majesty used to ride on a pillion behind him, and on one occasion, while crossing a river, the queen nearly fell off, and Bartholomew cried out, "Grip fast." She replied, "Gin the buckle bide;" for there was only one buckle to the belt by which she held on. After this his exclamation was given as the family motto, and two more buckles were added to the belt. Passing over several centuries, we shall find that Queen Elizabeth rode into the City on a pillion behind her Lord Chancellor. But ladies also rode alone, and side-saddles were in use in England during Saxon times, as is shown by manuscript illuminations and seals, so that Stow is in error when he attributes their introduction to Anne of Bohemia. About the year 1640 the wife of Henry, last Earl of Cumberland, rode on horseback the whole way from London to Londesborough, and took eleven days on the journey.

Traveling in the Middle Ages was very dangerous, owing to the insecurity of the roads, which were infested by robbers and sturdy beggars, and travelers therefore associated themselves together for the purpose of protection. Margaret Paston, in a letter to her husband in London, asks him to pay a debt for one of their friends, because, on account of robbers, it was not safe to send money up from Norfolk.

Carriages met with great opposition at their first introduction, and laws were made to suppress their use. As early as the year 1294 Philip the Fair of France issued an ordinance for suppressing luxury, in which the wives of citizens are forbidden the use of carriages. Beckmann tells us that there is preserved in the archives of the county of Mark an edict in which the feudal nobility and vassals are prohibited from using coaches under pain of incurring the punishment of felony. Duke John of Brunswick published an order in 1588, roundly rating his vassals for neglect of horsemanship, and forbidding them to appear or travel in coaches. A few years after this the English Parliament took up the discussion of the subject, but on the 7th of November, 1601, the bill to restrain the excessive use of coaches within the realm of England was rejected.

Coaches were for many years used only on state occasions, and for purposes of pomp, when a gorgeous show was made by their hangings and trappings, and by the number of horses which drew them. Gradually, however, they came into more frequent use; and Taylor, "the water poet," fixes the date (1564) when they were first introduced into England, and names the introducer as one William Boonen, a Dutchman, who was Queen Elizabeth's coachman. He says: "A coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement. Some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagin'd it to be one of the pagan temples in which the canibals adored the divell; but at last those doubts were cleared, and coach-making is become a substantiall trade." Taylor's date is not correct, for, according to Holinshed, Queen Mary rode through London to Westminster in 1553, "sitting in a chariot of cloth of tissue drawn with six horses;" and we also find that Sir T. Hoby offered the use of his coach to Lady Cecil in 1556. Although coaches were of modern introduction, Shakspeare refers to them in the wonderful description of Queen Mab, put into Mercutio's mouth:

"Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers."

At this time coaches were a rarity; and although Henry IV. of France was assassinated in one, he usually rode on horseback; in fact, he had only one coach for himself and his queen. He once wrote to a friend, "I can not wait upon you to-day, for my wife is using my coach." To such straits were even kings put in olden times! A very few years passed before carriages had become a common luxury, and in Moryson's "Itinerary" (1617) we are told, "Sixtie or seventy yeeres agoe coaches were very rare in England, but at this day pride is so farre increased as there be few gentlemen of any account (I meane elder brothers) who have not their coaches, so as the streets of London are almost stopped up with them. Yea, they who onely respect comlinesse and profit, and are thought free from pride, yet have coaches, because they find the keeping thereof more commodious and profitable then of horses, since two or three coach-horses will draw four or five persons, besides the commodity of carrying many necessaries in a coach."

Vehicles on wheels are of considerable antiquity, but coaches were originally very different from what they afterward became. At first they were open at the top, but in the course of time a canopy was added. As glass windows were not introduced into carriages until many years after their first introduction, they were long closed up with shutters. Aubrey tells us that the first glass coach that came into England was the Duke of York's, when Charles II. was restored. When Queen Elizabeth visited Warwick, in 1572, the bailiff is said to have approached near to her coach, and she caused "every part and side of the coach to be opened that all her subjects might behold her, which most gladly they desired."

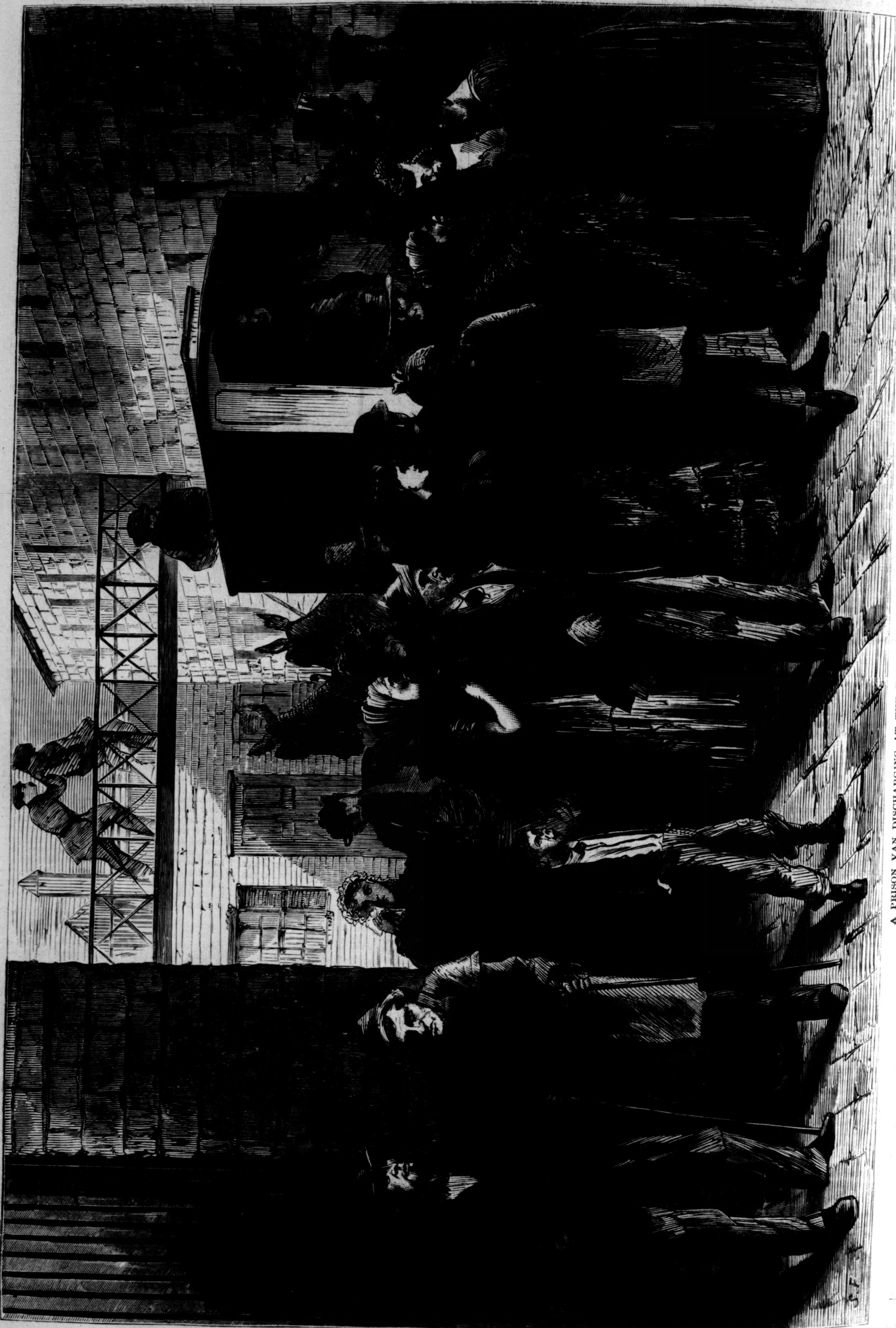
When Prince Charles of England left Spain, in 1623, at the time of his courtship with the Infanta Maria, Olivarez, the Prime Minister of King Philip IV., gave him, among other things, three sedan-chairs. About 1630 this conveyance was in general request; and in 1634 Sir Sanders Duncombe procured a license allowing him the sole privilege, for fourteen years, of using, putting forth, and letting for hire, "within the cities of London and Westminster, and the suburbs and precincts thereof, certain covered chairs, the like whereof being used in many parts beyond the seas for carrying of people in the streets, prevents the unnecessary use of coaches in those places." In a contemporary tract the sedan-chair is described as follows: "The one was in a suite of greene, after a strange manner windowed before and behind with isenglasse [talc], having two handsome fellowes in greene coats attending him; the one ever went before, the other came behind; their coates were laced downe the back with a greene lace suitable, so were their halfe sleeves, which perswaded me at first they were some cast suites of their master's; their backs were harnessed with leather cingles, cut out of a hide as broad as Dutch collops of bacon."

Hackney-coaches were first introduced into London at the principal inns about the year 1625; and in 1634 the first public stand was established. G. Garrard describes the circumstance, in a letter to Lord Strafford, as follows: "I can not omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, tho' never so trivial; here is one: Captain Baily—he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments—he hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the 'May Pole' in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney men, seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had every where as watermen are to be had by the water-side. Every body is much pleased with it; for, whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

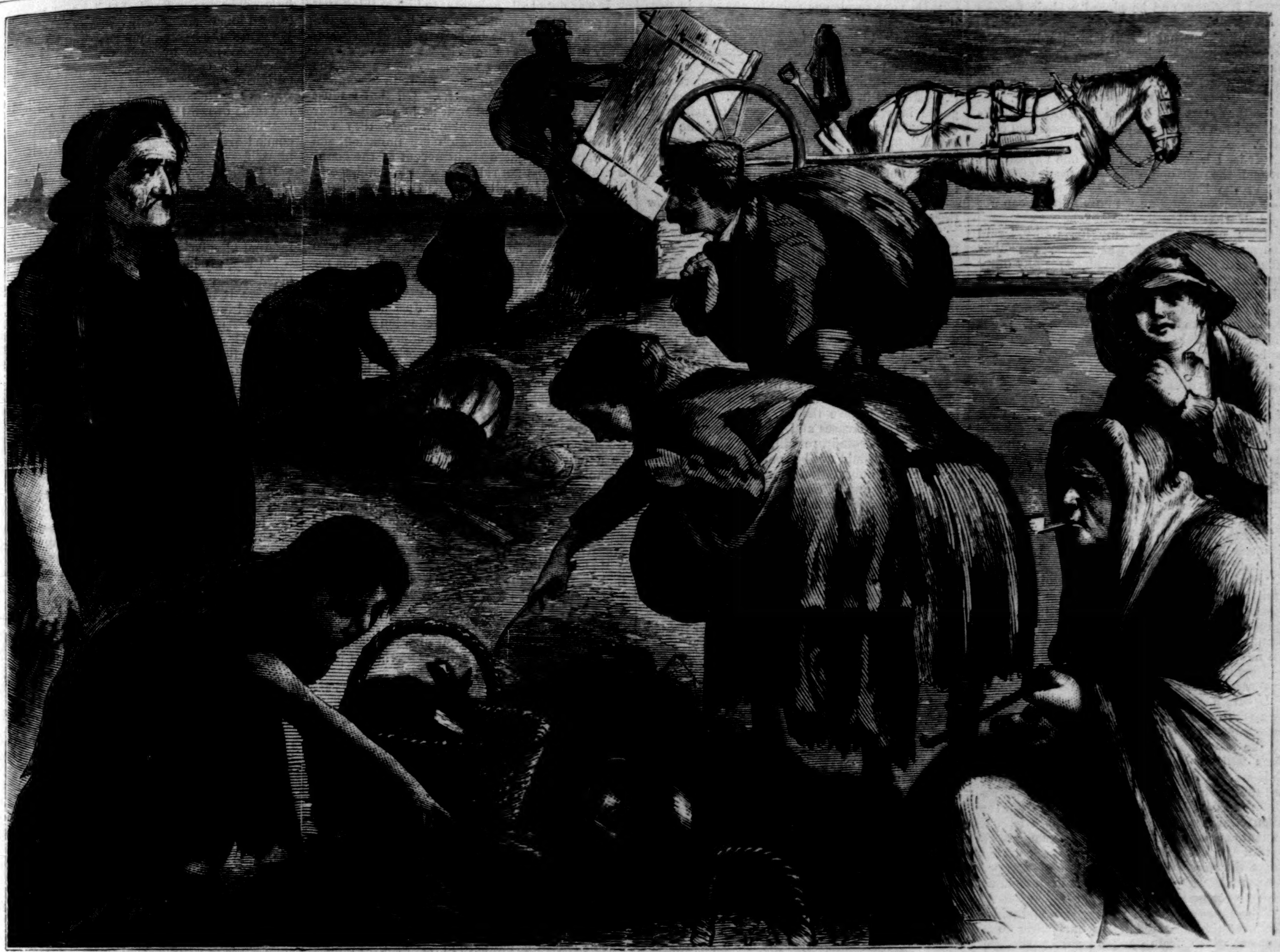
Post-chaises were invented in 1664, but were not so frequently used as post-horses. In the last and present centuries they were largely employed, until the introduction of railways. A post-chaise was a close-bodied carriage on four wheels, made to hold three people in the inside, all looking forward, and with a glass front like a chariot. It was drawn by two horses, and driven by a postboy, who rode on one of them. Occasionally in by-roads it was necessary to have four horses. The cost of posting was large, and persons often advertised for a fellow-traveler to share the expense. In January, 1785, appeared the following advertisement in the Belfast *News Letter:* "A gentleman intends setting off for London by way of Portpatrick the beginning of next week, and would be glad of a partner in a chaise."

In the days when George III. was king and George IV. was Prince of Wales, fashionable men ran mad with the desire to outrival each other in the splendor of the vehicles they drove. The phaeton and curricle were two of the chief favorites, but the former was at first a most unsightly object. It was sometimes driven with two horses and sometimes with four. The old chariot-and-four is altogether a thing of the past; but it occasionally did great things in its day, as when Lord Londonderry spoke in the House of Lords one night, and was two hundred and fifty miles off, at his own door in Durham, on the next night. One of the oldest carriages constructed to accommodate two persons was the Berlin, which took its name from the city, and was invented by Philip de Chiese, colonel and quartermaster in the service of Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg. The *vis-à-vis* was once a very fashionable carriage, which held two persons, who sat opposite each other. Carriages to hold two or more were companionable, but Dr. Darwin found that he lost much time by being sociable; so he built a carriage to hold only one person, in order that he might not be expected to ask any one to accompany him in his drives. He composed his poetry in it as he went to his more distant patients, and his disappointed friends called it a "sulky."

Omnibuses were first brought into use at Paris in 1827, and two years afterward twelve omnibuses were started in London by J. Shillibeer, a coach-builder. When we mention the cabs and omnibuses that now swarm the streets of the chief cities of Europe and America, we find that we have suddenly arrived at the present time; and so, as we have left the period of antiquated traveling far behind us, we must bring our notes to a close, with the hope that the stuffy omnibuses and dirty cabs may soon be as completely things of the past as some other conveyances we have discoursed upon in the foregoing article.



A PRISON VAN DISCHARGING AT THE TOMBS.—Drawn by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 1047.]



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BY CHARLES LEVER.

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CHAPTER L.

CROSS PURPOSES.

WHETHER Walpole found some peculiar difficulty in committing his intentions to writing, or whether the press of business which usually occupied his mornings served as an excuse, or whether he was satisfied with the progress of his suit by his personal assiduities, is not easy to say; but his attentions to Mademoiselle Kostalergi had now assumed the form which prudent mothers are wont to call "serious," and had already passed into that stage where small jealousies begin, and little episodes of anger and discontent are admitted as symptoms of the complaint.

In fact he had got to think himself privileged to remonstrate against this, and to dictate that—a state, be it observed, which, whatever its effect upon the "lady of his love," makes a man particularly odious to the people around him, and he is singularly fortunate if it make him not ridiculous also.

The docile or submissive was not the remarkable element in Nina's nature. She usually resisted advice, and resented any thing like dictation from any quarter. Indeed, they who knew her best saw that, however open to casual influences, a direct show of guidance was sure to call up all her spirit of opposition. It was, then, a matter of actual astonishment to all to perceive not only how quietly and patiently she accepted Walpole's comments and suggestions, but how implicitly she seemed to obey them.

All the little harmless freedoms of manner with Dick Kearney and O'Shea were now completely given up. No more was there between them that interchange of light "persiflage" which, presupposing some subject of common interest, is in itself a ground of intimacy.

She ceased to sing the songs that were their favorites. Her walks in the garden after breakfast, where her ready wit and genial pleasantry used to bring her a perfect troop of followers, were abandoned. The little projects of daily pleasure, hitherto her especial province, were changed for a calm, subdued demeanor, which, though devoid of all depression, wore the impress of a certain thoughtfulness and seriousness.

No man was less observant than old Kearney, and yet even he saw the change at last, and asked Kate what it might mean. "She is not ill, I hope," said he; "or is our humdrum life too wearisome to her?"

"I do not suspect either," said Kate, slowly. "I rather believe that, as Mr. Walpole has paid her certain attentions, she has made the changes in her manner in deference to some wishes of his."

"He wants her to be more English, perhaps," said he, sarcastically.

"Perhaps so."

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"Maybe she does not like Mr. O'Shea, Sir."

"And do you think she likes the other man? or is it any thing else than one of those mercenary attachments that you young ladies understand better, far better, than the most worldly-minded father or mother of us all?"

"Mr. Walpole has not, I believe, any fortune, Sir. There is nothing very dazzling in his position or his prospects."

"No. Not among his own set, nor with his own people—he is small enough there, I grant you; but when he comes down to ours, Kitty, we think him a grandee of Spain; and if he was married into the family, we'd get off all his noble relations by heart, and soon start talking of our aunt, Lady such a one, and Lord somebody else, that was our first cousin, till our neighbors would nearly die out of pure spite. Sitting down in one's poverty and thinking over one's grand relations, is for all the world like Paddy eating his potatoes and pointing at the red herring—even the look of what he dare not taste flavors his meal."

"At least, Sir, you have found an excuse for our conduct."

"Because we are all snobs, Kitty; because there is not a bit of honesty or manliness in our nature; and because our women that need not be bargaining or borrowing—neither pawnbrokers nor usurers—are just as vulgar-minded as ourselves; and, now that we have given twenty millions to get rid of slavery, like to show how they can keep it up in the old country, just out of defiance."

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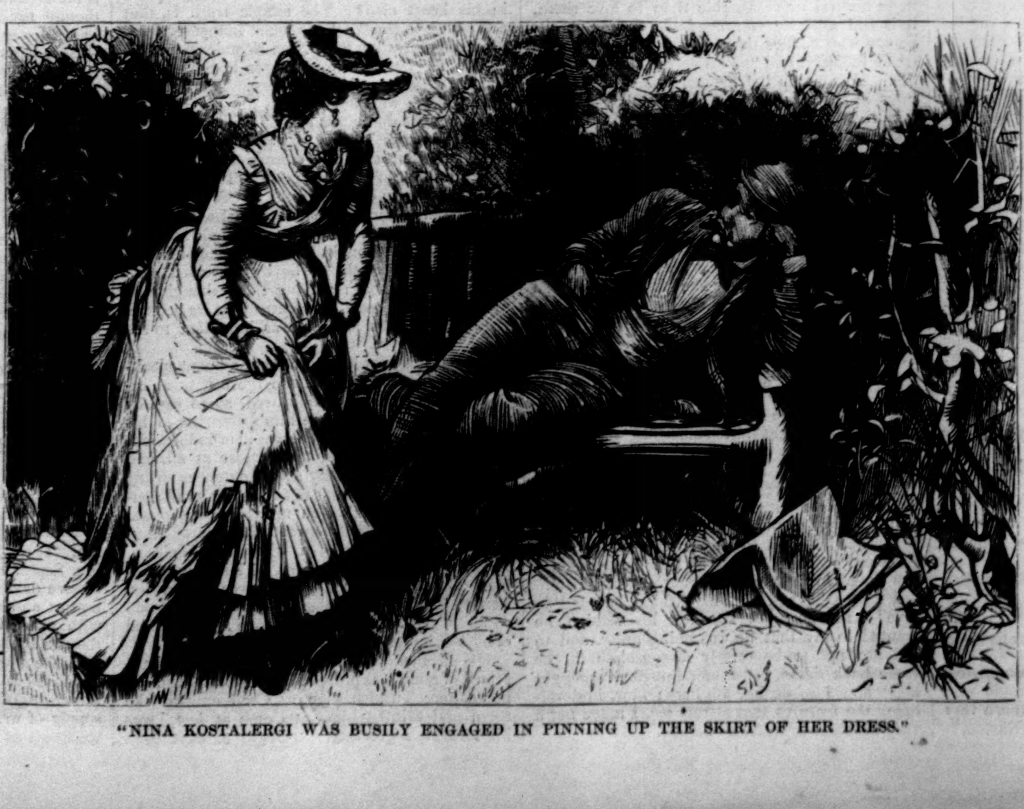

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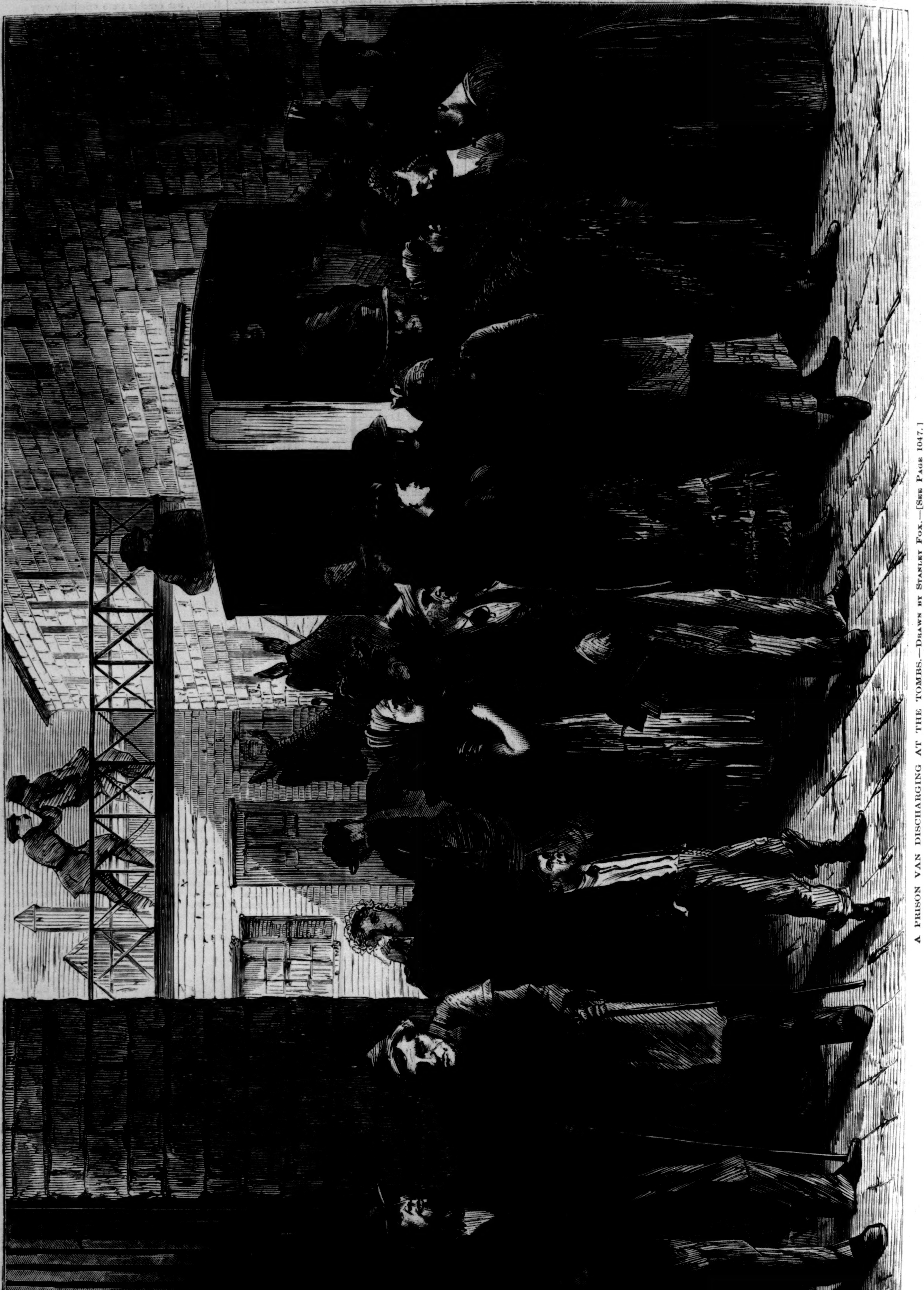

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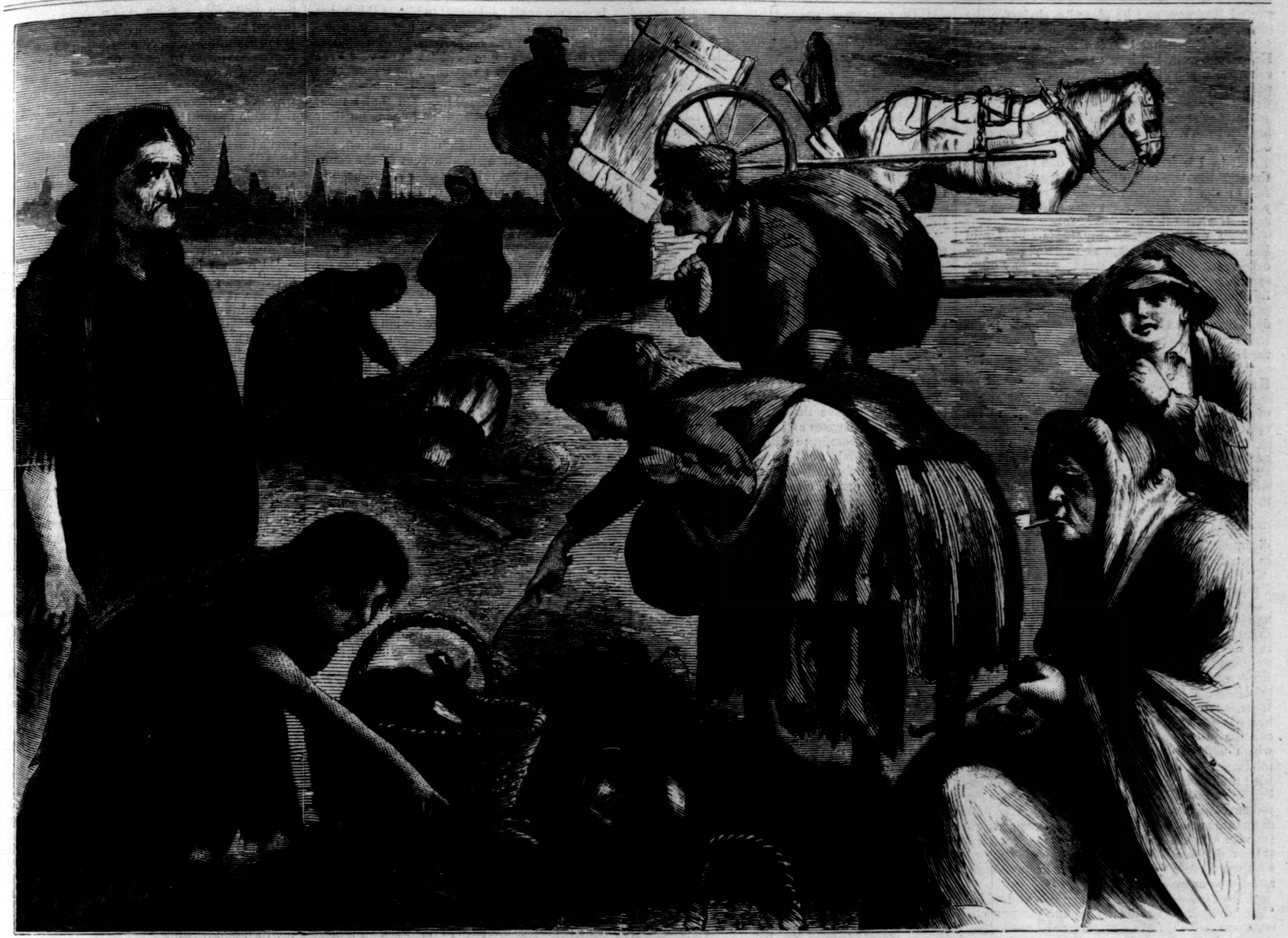

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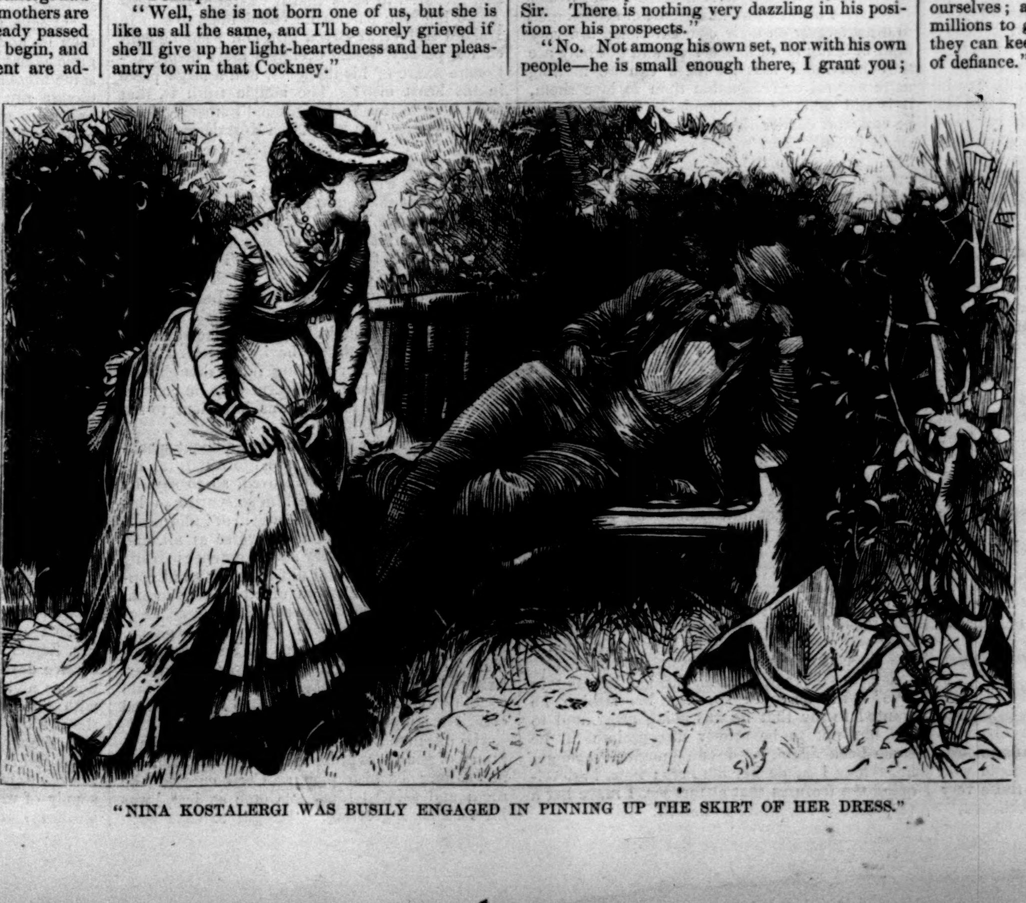

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"I am at your orders," answered Kearney, and he placed a chair for the other.

"An incident has befallen my life here, Mr. Kearney, which, I grieve to say, may not only color the whole of my future career, but not impossibly prove the barrier to my pursuit of public life."

Kearney stared at him as he finished speaking, and the two men sat fixedly gazing on each other.

"It is, I hasten to own, the one unpleasant, the one, the only one, disastrous event of a visit full of the happiest memories of my life. Of your generous and graceful hospitality, I can not say half what I desire—"

"Say nothing about my hospitality," said Kearney, whose irritation as to what the other called a disaster left him no place for any other sentiment; "but just tell me why you count this a misfortune."

"I call a misfortune, Sir, what may not only depose me from my office and my station, but withdraw entirely from me the favor and protection of my uncle, Lord Danesbury."

"Then why the devil do you do it?" cried Kearney, angrily.

"Why do I do what, Sir? I am not aware of any action of mine you should question with such energy."

"I mean, if it only tends to ruin your prospects and disgust your family, why do you persist, Sir? I was going to say more, and ask with what face you presume to come and tell these things to *me?*"

"I am really unable to understand you, Sir."

"Mayhap, we are both of us in the same predicament," cried Kearney, as he wiped his brow in proof of his confusion.

"Had you accorded me a very little patience, I might, perhaps, have explained myself."

Not trusting himself with a word, Kearney nodded, and the other went on: "The post this morning brought me, among other things, these two newspapers, with pen-marks in the margin to direct my attention. This is the *Lily of Londonderry*, a wild Orange print; this the *Banner of Ulster*, a journal of the same complexion. Here is what the *Lily* says: 'Our county member, Sir Jonas Gettering, is now in a position to call the attention of Parliament to a document which will distinctly show how her Majesty's ministers are not only in close correspondence with the leaders of Fenianism, but that Irish rebellion receives its support and comfort from the present Cabinet. Grave as this charge is, and momentous as would be the consequences of such an allegation if unfounded, we repeat that such a document is in existence, and that we who write these lines have held it in our hands and have perused it.'

"The *Banner* copies the paragraph, and adds, 'We give all the publicity in our power to a statement which, from our personal knowledge, we can declare to be true. If the disclosures which a debate on this subject must inevitably lead to will not convince Englishmen that Ireland is now governed by a party whose falsehood and subtlety not even Macchiavelli himself could justify, we are free to declare we are ready to join the Nationalists to-morrow, and to cry out for a Parliament in College Green, in preference to a Holy Inquisition at Westminster.'"

"That fellow has blood in him," cried Kearney, with enthusiasm, "and I go a long way with him."

"That may be, Sir, and I am sorry to hear it," said Walpole, coldly; "but what I am concerned to tell you is, that the document or memorandum here alluded to was among my papers, and abstracted from them since I have been here."

"So that there *was* actually such a paper?" broke in Kearney.

"There was a paper which the malevolence of a party journalist could convert to the support of such a charge. What concerns me more immediately is, that it has been stolen from my dispatch-box."

"Are you certain of that?"

"I believe I can prove it. The only day in which I was busied with these papers I carried them down to the library, and with my own hands I brought them back to my room and placed them under lock and key at once. The box bears no trace of having been broken, so that the only solution is a key. Perhaps my own key may have been used to open it, for the document is gone."

"This is a bad business," said Kearney, sorrowfully.

"It is ruin to *me*," cried Walpole, with passion. "Here is a dispatch from Lord Danesbury commanding me immediately to go over to him in Wales, and I can guess easily what has occasioned the order."

"I'll send for a force of Dublin detectives. I'll write to the chief of the police. I'll not rest till I have every one in the house examined on oath," cried Kearney. "What was it like? Was it a dispatch—was it in an envelope?"

"It was a mere memorandum—a piece of post paper, and headed, 'Draught of instruction touching D. D. Forward to chief constable of police at Letterkenny. October 9th.'"

"But you had no direct correspondence with Donogan?"

"I believe, Sir, I need not assure you I had not. The malevolence of party has alone the merit of such an imputation. For reasons of state, we desired to observe a certain course toward the man, and Orange malignity is pleased to misrepresent and calumniate us."

"And can't you say so in Parliament?"

"So we will, Sir, and the nation will believe us. Meanwhile, see the mischief that the miserable slander will reflect upon our administration here, and remember that the people who could alone contradict the story are those very Fenians who will benefit by its being believed."

"Do your suspicions point to any one in particular? Do you believe that Curtis—"

"I had it in my hand the day after he left."

"Was any one aware of its existence here but yourself?"

"None—wait, I am wrong. Your niece saw it. She was in the library one day. I was engaged in writing, and as we grew to talk over the country, I chanced to show her the dispatch."

"Let us ask her if she remembers whether any servant was about at the time, or happened to enter the room."

"I can myself answer that question. I know there was not."

"Let us call her down and see what she remembers," said Kearney.

"I'd rather not, Sir. A mere question in such a case would be offensive, and I would not risk the chance. What I would most wish is, to place my dispatch-box, with the key, in your keeping, for the purposes of the inquiry, for I must start in half an hour. I have sent for post-horses to Moate, and ordered a special train to town. I shall, I hope, catch the eight-o'clock boat for Holyhead, and be with his lordship before this time to-morrow. If I do not see the ladies, for I believe they are out walking, will you make my excuses and my adieux; my confusion and discomfiture will, I feel sure, plead for me? It would not be, perhaps, too much to ask for any information that a police inquiry might elicit; and if either of the young ladies would vouchsafe me a line to say what, if any thing, has been discovered, I should feel deeply gratified."

"I'll look to that. You shall be informed."

"There was another question that I much desired to speak of," and here he hesitated and faltered; "but perhaps, on every score, it is as well I should defer it till my return to Ireland."

"You know best, whatever it is," said the old man, dryly.

"Yes, I think so. I am sure of it." A hurried shake-hands followed, and he was gone.

It is but right to add that a glance at the moment through the window had shown him the wearer of a muslin dress turning into the copse outside the garden, and Walpole dashed down the stairs and hurried in the direction he saw Nina take, with all the speed he could.

"Get my luggage on the carriage, and have every thing ready," said he, as the horses were drawn up at the door. "I shall return in a moment."

CHAPTER LI.

AWAKENINGS.

WHEN Walpole hurried into the beech alley, which he had seen Nina take, and followed her in all haste, he did not stop to question himself why he did so. Indeed, if prudence were to be consulted, there was every reason in the world why he should rather have left his leave-takings to the care of Mr. Kearney than assume the charge of them himself; but if young gentlemen who fall in love were only to be logical or "consequent," the tender passion would soon lose some of the contingencies which give it much of its charm, and people who follow such occupations as mine would discover that they had lost one of the principal employments of their lifetime.

As he went along, however, he bethought him that as it was to say good-by he now followed her, it behooved him to blend his leave-taking with that pledge of a speedy return which, like the effects of light in landscape, bring out the various tints in the richest coloring, and mark more distinctly all that is in shadow. "I shall at least see," muttered he to himself, "how far my presence here serves to brighten her daily life, and what amount of gloom my absence will suggest." Cecil Walpole was one of a class—and I hasten to say it is a class—who, if not very lavish of their own affections, or accustomed to draw largely on their own emotions, are very fond of being loved themselves, and not only are they convinced that as there can be nothing more natural or reasonable than to love them, it is still a highly commendable feature in the person who carries that love to the extent of a small idolatry, and makes it the business of a life. To worship the men of this order constitutes in their eyes a species of intellectual superiority for which they are grateful, and this same gratitude represents to themselves all of love their natures are capable of feeling.

He knew thoroughly that Nina was not alone the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; that the fascinations of her manner, and her grace of movement and gesture, exercised a sway that was almost magic; that in quickness to apprehend and readiness to reply she scarcely had an equal; and that, whether she smiled, or looked pensive, or listened, or spoke, there was an absorbing charm about her that made one forget all else around her, and unable to see any but her; and yet, with all this consciousness, he recognized no trait about her so thoroughly attractive as that she admired *him*.

Let me not be misunderstood. This same sentiment can be at times something very different from a mere egotism—not that I mean to say it was such in the present case. Cecil Walpole fully represented the order he belonged to, and was a most well-looking, well-dressed, and well-bred young gentleman, only suggesting the reflection that to live among such a class pure and undiluted would be little better than a life passed in the midst of French communism.

I have said that, after his fashion, he was "in love" with her, and so, after his fashion, he wanted to say that he was going away, and to tell her not to be utterly disconsolate till he came back again. "I can imagine," thought he, "how I made her life here; how, in developing the features that attract *me*, I made her a very different creature to herself."

It was not at all unpleasant to him to think that the people who should surround her were so unlike himself. "The barbarians," as he courteously called them to himself, "will be very hard to endure. Nor am I very sorry for it; only she must catch nothing of their traits in accommodating herself to their habits. On that I must strongly insist. Whether it be by singing their silly ballads—that four-note melody they call 'Irish music'—or through mere imitation, she has already caught a slight accent of the country. She must get rid of this. She will have to divest herself of all her 'Kilgobbinries' ere I present her to my friends in town." Apart from these disparagements, she could, as he expressed it, "hold her own;" and people take a very narrow view of the social dealings of the world who fail to see how much occasion a woman has for the exercise of tact and temper and discretion and ready-wittedness and generosity in all the well-bred intercourse of life. Just as Walpole had arrived at that stage of reflection to recognize that she was exactly the woman to suit him and push his fortunes with the world, he reached a part of the wood where a little space had been cleared, and a few rustic seats scattered about to make a halting-place. The sound of voices caught his ear, and he stopped; and now, looking stealthily through the brush-wood, he saw Gorman O'Shea as he lay in a lounging attitude on a bench and smoked his cigar, while Nina Kostalergi was busily engaged in pinning up the skirt of her dress in a festoon fashion, which, to Cecil's ideas at least, displayed more of a marvelously pretty instep and ankle than he thought strictly warranted. Puzzling as this seemed, the first words she spoke gave the explanation.

"Don't flatter yourself, most valiant soldier, that you are going to teach me the 'Czardasz.' I learned it years ago from Tassilo Esterhazy; but I asked you to come here to set me right about that half-minuet step that begins it. I believe I have got into the habit of doing the man's part, for I used to be Pauline Esterhazy's partner after Tassilo went away."

"You had a precious dancing-master in Tassilo," growled out O'Shea. "The greatest scamp in the Austrian army."

"I know nothing of the moralities of the Austrian army, but the count was a perfect gentleman, and a special friend of mine."

"I am sorry for it," was the gruff rejoinder.

"You have nothing to grieve for, Sir. You have no vested interest to be imperiled by any thing that I do."

"Let us not quarrel, at all events," said he, as he arose with some alacrity and flung away his cigar; and Walpole turned away, as little pleased with what he had heard, as dissatisfied with himself for having listened. "And we call these things accidents," muttered he; "but I believe fortune means more generously by us when she crosses our path in this wise. I almost wish I had gone a step further, and stood before them. At least it would have finished this episode, and without a word. As it is, a mere phrase will do it—the simple question as to what progress she makes in dancing will show I know all. But do I know all?" Thus speculating and ruminating, he went his way till he reached the carriage, and drove off at speed, for the first time in his life really and deeply in love!

He made his journey safely, and arrived at Holyhead by daybreak. He had meant to go over deliberately all that he should say to the Viceroy, when questioned, as he expected to be, on the condition of Ireland. It was an old story, and with very few variations to enliven it.

How was it that, with all his Irish intelligence well arranged in his mind—the agrarian crime, the ineffective police, the timid juries, the insolence of the popular press, and the arrogant demands of the priesthood—how was it that, ready to state all these obstacles to right government, and prepared to show that it was only by "out-jockeying" the parties he could hope to win in Ireland still—that Greek girl, and what he called her perfidy, would occupy a most disproportionate share of his thoughts, and a large place in his heart also? The simple truth is, that though up to this Walpole found immense pleasure in his flirtation with Nina Kostalergi, yet his feeling for her now was nearer love than any thing he had experienced before. The bare suspicion that a woman could jilt him, or the possible thought that a rival could be found to supplant him, gave, by the very pain it occasioned, such an interest to the episode that he could scarcely think of any thing else. That the most effectual way to deal with the Greek was to renew his old relations with his cousin, Lady Maude, was clear enough. "At least I shall seem to be the traitor," thought he; "and she shall not glory in the thought of having deceived *me*." While he was still revolving these thoughts he arrived at the Castle, and learned, as he crossed the door, that his lordship was impatient to see him.

Lord Danesbury had never been a fluent speaker in public, while in private life a natural indolence of disposition, improved, so to say, by an Eastern life, had made him so sparing of his words that at times, when he was ill or indisposed, he could never be said to converse at all, and his talk consisted of very short sentences strung loosely together, and not unfrequently so ill-connected as to show that an unexpressed thought very often intervened between the uttered fragments. Except to men who, like Walpole, knew him intimately, he was all but unintelligible. The private secretary, however, understood how to fill up the blanks in any discourse, and so follow out indications which, to less practiced eyes, left no foot-marks behind them.

His excellency, slowly recovering from a sharp attack of gout, was propped by pillows, and smoking a long Turkish pipe, as Cecil entered the room and saluted him. "Come at last," was his lordship's greeting. "Ought to have been here weeks ago. Read that." And he pushed toward him a *Times*, with a mark on the margin: "To ask the Secretary for Ireland whether the statement made by certain newspapers in the North of a correspondence between the Castle authorities and the Fenian leader was true, and whether such correspondence could be laid on the table of the House?"

"Read it out!" cried the Viceroy, as Walpole conned over the paragraph somewhat slowly to himself.

"I think, my lord, when you have heard a few words of explanation from me, you will see that this charge has not the gravity these newspaper people would like to attach to it."

"Can't be explained—nothing could justify—infernal blunder—and must go."

"Pray, my lord, vouchsafe me even five minutes."

"See it all—balderdash—explain nothing—Cardinal more offended than the rest—and here, read." And he pushed a letter toward him, dated Downing Street, and marked private. "The idiot you left behind you has been betrayed into writing to the rebels and making conditions with them. To disown him now is not enough."

"Really, my lord, I don't see why I should submit to the indignity of reading more of this."

His Excellency crushed the letter in his hand, and puffed very vigorously at his pipe, which was nearly exhausted. "Must go," said he, at last, as a fresh volume of smoke rolled forth.

"That I can believe—that I can understand, my lord. When you tell me you cease to indorse my pledges, I feel I am a bankrupt in your esteem."

"Others smashed in the same insolvency—inconceivable blunder—where was Cartright?—what was Holmes about? No one in Dublin to keep you out of this cursed folly?"

"Until your lordship's patience will permit me to say a few words, I can not hope to justify my conduct."

"No justifying—no explaining—no! regular smash, and complete disgrace. Must go."

"I am quite ready to go. Your Excellency has no need to recall me to the necessity."

"Knew it all—and against my will, too—said so from the first—thing I never liked—nor see my way in. Must go—must go."

"I presume, my lord, I may leave you now. I want a bath and a cup of coffee."

"Answer that!" was the gruff reply, as he tossed across the table a few lines signed, "Bertie Spencer, Private Secretary."

"I am directed to request that Mr. Walpole will enable the Right Honorable Mr. Annihough to give the flattest denial to the inclosed."

"That must be done at once," said the Viceroy, as the other ceased to read the note.

"It is impossible, my lord; I can not deny my own handwriting."

"Annihough will find some road out of it," muttered the other. "*You* were a fool, and mistook your instructions; or the *constable* was a fool, and required a misdirection; or the *Fenian* was a fool, which he would have been if he gave the pledge you asked for. Must go all the same."

"But I'm quite ready to go, my lord," rejoined Walpole, angrily. "There is no need to insist so often on that point."

"Who talks—who thinks of *you*, Sir?" cried the other, with an irritated manner. "I speak of myself. It is *I* must resign—no great sacrifice, perhaps, after all—stupid office, false position—impracticable people. Make them all Papists to-morrow, and ask to be Hindoos. They've got the land, and not content if they can't shoot the landlords!"

"If you think, my lord, that by any personal explanation of mine I could enable the minister to make his answer in the House more plausible—"

"Leave the plausibility to himself, Sir," and then he added, half aloud, "He'll be unintelligible enough without *you*. There, go and get some breakfast. Come back afterward, and I'll dictate my letter of resignation. Maude has had a letter from Atlee. Shrewd fellow, Atlee—done the thing well."

As Walpole was near the door, his Excellency said, "You can have Guatemala, if they have not given it away. It will get you out of Europe, which is the first thing, and with the yellow fever it may do more."

"I'm profoundly grateful, my lord," said he, bowing low.

"Maude, of course, would not go, so it ends *that*."

"I am deeply touched by the interest your lordship vouchsafes to my concerns."

"Try and live five years, and you'll have a retiring allowance. The last fellow did, but was eaten by a crocodile out bathing." And with this he resumed his *Times*, and turned away, while Walpole hastened off to his room, in a frame of mind very far from comfortable or reassuring.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

To find a parallel to the conflagration which has desolated Chicago we must go back to the great fire of London, the most graphic account of which is preserved in the diary of John Evelyn. It originated at two o'clock Sunday morning, September 2, 1666, and raged for five successive days and nights. At that time London houses and stores were built chiefly of wood, with pitched roofs; and in the vicinity where the fire broke out, which was close to the river-side, the stores were mainly filled with materials employed in the equipment of shipping—mostly, therefore, of a highly combustible nature. The supply of water was defective; and through the weakness of the Lord Mayor, who declined to allow buildings to be blown up without obtaining the consent of the owners, the flames soon obtained fearful headway. All through Sunday the wind increased in fury, and the fire spread with almost inconceivable rapidity. Mr. Evelyn writes in his diary:

"*September* 3. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach, with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside, in Southwark, where we beheld that dreadful spectacle—the whole city in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside downe to the Three Cranes, were now consumed.

"The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye city burning from Cheapeside to the Thames and all along Cornehill (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward). Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning—I know not from what, despondency or fate—they hardly strived to quench it, so that there was nothing hearde or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them—so, as it burned both in length and breadth, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distance one from ye other; for ye heate, with a long set of fair and warme weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as on ye other, ye carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect like the top of a burning oven, the light seene above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand stille and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reached, upon computation, neere fifty miles in length. Thus I left it in the afternoone burning—a resemblance to Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more!

"*September* 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten so far as the Inner Temple, olde Fleete Streete, the Olde Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paule's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paule's flew like granados, ye melting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse or man was able to tread on them, and the demolitione had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye helpe of man.

"*September* 5. It crossed towards Whitehalle; oh, the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me among the rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane, and to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborne, while the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts, and began to consider that nothing was so likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down by engines."

* * * * * *

After an exceedingly graphic description of the dying down of the wind and the gradual abatement of the flames, the old diarist tells of the thousands who sought refuge in the fields about the city. He says:

"The poore inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several mylles in circle; some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed, or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodation in stately and well-furnished houses were reduced now to extreamest misery and poverty."

* * * * * *

Afterward he continues:

"I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and though ready to perish from hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld."

This might almost be taken as it stands as a description of the great fire which has temporarily reduced the chief city of the West from grandeur and opulence to deepest poverty and distress.

THE IVIED COTTAGE.

SHE dwells in an ivied cottage
  Half hidden by chestnut-trees,
Whose leaves betimes when they waver
  Have a sound like moaning seas;
And oft in the quiet evening
  I've walked by that cottage door,
And seen, through the open window,
  The sunshine picture the floor.

And there, in that lonely cottage,
  Lives a maiden with blue eyes,
That seem to her artless beauty
  What stars are unto the skies.
She walks with a grace that's nameless,
  And ne'er a moment seems lone:
The chastened charm in her features
  Pure as a lily half blown!

She sits by the open window,
  And plies her needle and thread,
When winds are swinging the roses,
  And the sun is setting red.
When the winds have swung the roses
  They ripple her dainty curls,
That fall in a glossy cluster
  On shoulders whiter than pearls.

Near to that cottage I've lingered
  In the long, long summer eves,
And sighed to talk to the maiden
  As low as the fluttering leaves:
To tell her I love her beauty;
  But all my wishes are vain—
My heart, my heart is the maiden's,
  Yet hers I never may gain.

PRISON VAN UNLOADING.

OUR illustration on page 1044 represents a prison van, or "Black Maria," discharging in the court-yard of the Tombs the human freight it has picked up on its morning round to the police stations. These vans hold about twenty-five persons, and into them are crammed every sort of criminal, from the hardened wretch who has well deserved the gallows which waits for him to the young boy or girl arrested for some trivial offense, which perhaps merits no greater punishment than a severe reprimand. This is a serious wrong. These youthful offenders ought not to be thrust among professional criminals, from whom they will learn more evil during an hour's ride than they ever dreamed of before. Society owes them, for their sake as well as its own security, protection against contaminating influences.

RAG-PICKERS ON A DIRT HEAP.

THERE is not much romance in the life of a rag-picker. Up in the morning early, before the streets have been swept or the ash-barrels emptied, hooking up every bit of rag or paper that catches the eye; and then, when the sun is up and the rag-bag filled, away to some damp, unwholesome-smelling cellar, where grim-visaged old hags, witch-like in appearance, claw over and assort the spoils. That is all, for the greater number of the poor wretches, whose daily energies are spent in getting rags enough together to pay for a night's lodging. Food they never think of buying. That is either begged of the charitable or fished out of the débris of the kitchen which often finds its way into the ash-barrel.

The various dumping-grounds along the rivers form rich placers for these poor wretches, who will dig and scratch for hours amidst rubbish of every sort, that gives forth a stench that no human being ought to be able to endure. Our sketch on page 1045 shows a group of these unfortunate people overhauling the huge rubbish heap at the foot of Gouverneur Street, East River. The faces are all portraits, having been sketched from life by one of our artists, who was struck with their appearance as he was accidentally passing by.

A CANOE ON THE ZUYDER-ZEE.

"ROB ROY," with whose famous canoe voyages our readers are familiar, is now navigating the lakes and canals of Holland, and writing delightful letters to the London *Times*. From one of these we take the following pleasant description of one or two Dutch towns:

"At Amsterdam I sailed into the midst of the annual regatta, a lively, sparkling sight on the merry waters of the River Y (pronounced eye), with flags streaming, bells jingling, steamers hissing forth their white steam wreaths, and skiffs and yachts scudding about every where—in fact, like other regattas, where a great deal is going on, and nobody seems to know exactly what is going on.

"The Rob Roy then tried to sail over the shallows called the Pampas, to reach a curious island in the Zuyder-Zee (pronounced always Soodersee. the South Sea). But finally, striking across the country by a series of canals, we entered the famed village of Broek, which Albert Smith called the cleanest place in the world. It is true that some 'show houses' are marvelously clean, and that an edict of the Mayor and Corporation directs all men riding to dismount and lead their horses here, and no one to smoke before sunrise or after sunset, and the cows' tails to be tied up in their stalls, and the trees to be painted in front of each house. But entering this village by the rear, and in canals, one soon perceives the hollowness of its great pretensions and the nastiness of its reeking sewers. Further on is Monnikendam (the Monk's Dam), bosomed in thick foliage and the richest pasture, like so many more nooks selected well by the pious celibates in every land.

"A thunder-storm and down-pours of rain lulled me to rest in the Rob Roy's limited state-room, but scores of boys stood chattering in the dark and wet long into the night, amazed at the lone traveler. Next morning the burgomaster visited the scene, and a worthy gentleman with spectacles read aloud from a newspaper a full account of the boat, stopping at each paragraph to certify the description by the reality. Before a favoring breeze the canoe sailed over the sea to the famed isle of Marken, which is well worth a visit, and is unique in several ways. A thousand people live here on a small area under the sea level. Their houses are in seven groups, all built of wood except three. Two pear-trees are the only forest, and a dozen geraniums the only flowers. Standing on the little cemetery, you see ships sailing all around you and all above your head. Let one breach be made in that sea-wall, and all the land will melt into the muddy ooze of the rolling Zuyder-Zee.

"The 'Preester' here is the sole element of intelligence, with Schiller and Goethe on his book-shelves, a cigar in his mouth, and on his table a new English book translated into Dutch, 'John Plowman's Talk,' by C. H. Spurgeon. All the men and boys are fishers. They have one hundred and fifty little sloops in their Lilliputian port. Their trowsers are two bags, such as the Turks wear at Smyrna. Their church has votive offerings hung from the ceiling, model ships, fisher's nets, and fish skipping about in miniature over the clumsy pews.

"White caps cover the women's heads down to the eyebrows, and black curls come from below the front and turn upward at the forehead. A long tress of hair hangs at the ear of each unmarried girl, and two for those who have husbands. About their bosoms are curiously wrought bodices. The stuff for these is no longer manufactured, so the dress is devised by will, and your niece wears the mantle of her great-grandmother.

"The interior of the wooden houses is very peculiar. One large room holds one or more families, and it has a peat fire in the middle, and no opening for smoke, or light, or air.

"In the few richer dwellings there is an excess of ornament, all of one nicknack type—china, brass, and carved work. In one of these houses I found an old lady of eighty-seven; the walls of the house were entirely covered by about three hundred delft plates, pans, and saucers, all suspended by strings; by black sculptured cabinets, brass candlesticks, 'samplers' of last century, barometers without mercury, clocks that last told time in 1820, pictures of Van Tromp's battles, cats, tin cans, and a heap of odd things, each with a history to it. The people move about in boats from house to house along little canals six feet wide, with swing bridges turning on a pivot and weighted at one end. Their notion of England seemed to be this—'It is an island, certainly larger than Marken.' I left these people a number of Dutch publications and pictures, but what pleased them most was the 'Werkman,' a Dutch version of the well-known 'British Workman.'

"From hence a delightful sail of some hours along the coast brought the Rob Roy again to the mouth of the River Y. In the quiet evening the spires and windmills of eight different towns on the other side of the Zuyder-Zee were raised by refraction above the horizon, so as to be clearly seen from my canoe, although the towns themselves were nearly all in reality out of sight. This curious and defective optical effect is said to be most powerful in the River St. Lawrence. I have seen it there several times, but never so vividly as here on this great Dutch lake.

"The coast is embanked in the same manner all around the west of Holland, with a sloping stone dike crowned by grass, and a feasible road, which gives a homely and harmless appearance to the sea-shore, but also something of monotony. So it is for hundreds of miles, and yet never are you out of sight of houses, and then, on a hundred canals, long villages line the banks and dot the horizon every where, and great towns stud the wide-spread flat, and cluster by the larger rivers—all of them containing what is numbered by our census as the population of London alone.

"The independence one feels in canoe traveling makes it peculiarly suited to Holland and the seas that circle the Low Countries. What with preserved meats from Morel's in Piccadilly, and cream from the Dutch dairies, fine white bread from the last village, one hundred pounds of fresh-water, and lamps for cooking and lighting, bed, tarpaulin for wet nights, anchor, compass, and dog—there is a sense of self-contained moving residence, always in fresh air, always in new scenes, which gives a zest to a cruise which can be altered in a hundred ways by a turn of your wrist on the tiller, and which is sure to prove interesting in a new country wherever the wind may blow you to. Fleets of fishing boats sailed up the Y alongside me, their crews singing cheerily because their creels were full. Huge Indiamen bowled along before the breeze, bringing goods from Java. Black clouds teemed forth from steamers pressing forward with instant beat of their paddle-floats, and all were converging to Amsterdam as they turned the square white light-house reared at the outer points among green reeds.

"At length the tide deepens, and narrows with more swiftness to pass the new barrier which is daily closing in the vast inland bay that spreads in front of the ancient city. When that barrier shall have been closed, quite sure then Amsterdam will be upon an artificial lake, kept always at one level, and forming the wide end of the great canal which is to cut Holland in two, and to turn the stream of floating riches westward into the North Sea. Before we proceed further along this wonderful—indeed, gigantic—work the crew of the Rob Roy feels entitled to a regular sleep in a four-post bed, a walk on *terra firma*, and a read of the *Times*. All these can be had in great comfort at the 'Bible Hotel;' so I sail up to its kitchen door, and house my little yacht where the coffee-room hangs over the water.

"Above the entrance of the hotel is a large effigy of the Book of Books, from which the ancient hostelry takes its unusual name. The windows, too, have painted glass picturing an open Bible. The worthy landlord brings us a copy of the first Dutch Bible ever printed, and which was printed in this house in June, 1514. It is in excellent preservation, bound in wood, and with some hundreds of quaint wood-cuts on its broad pages. Since 1695 the house has been used as a hotel, and up to thirty years ago there was this text over the door, 'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine,' etc. Perhaps the injunction is no more needed, but the house may well be recommended for many good qualities, especially to the canoeist, for its easy approach by water, just as Van Hee's Toelast Hotel, at Niewe Diep, is also on a canal, and has a good master, who can talk good English, and give you good advice and good dinners.

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"Kampen, whence I write, is a charming town on the River Yssel, near Friesland. I do not know a prettier street in all Europe than that which winds along under trees and arches here, amidst quaint towers and natty little houses, perfect in their brick-work, and proud of their bright windows. I brought my canoe here to attempt the excursion to the strange island of Urck, which lies in the very middle of the Zuyder-Zee, and quite out of the way to any where else. Amply have I been rewarded for the somewhat venturous cruise to that little dot of land. The place is quite unique—a sort of mound of clay like a fortification far away from land, and yet keeping 1700 people in happy, contented life, but in a very peculiar manner of living. The beach was crowded by the population as the Rob Roy approached. They had seen her white sails for hours buffeting the waves, and the din and bustle, especially of the ladies of Urck, were beyond that of any occasion in former voyages; yet it was friendly and intelligent. These ladies wear a close-fitting white cap, and the men, chiefly sailors, are most neatly clad, with large gold studs at their necks, and silver buckles of enormous size on their shoes, while the little boys have huge silver buttons on their waistbands even in their fat childhood. The burgomaster and the worthy minister lavished their kindness upon me. They had read in the papers of the canoe visiting the other islands, and the first question they asked was for the 'hundt,' my little terrier Rob. Alas! I had to tell them that he was drowned two days ago, having fallen from a steamboat at night unobserved, and the very thought of his long and wretched death is painful. Only those who have had such a dog in such places as Rob has been can truly sympathize with his master in such a bereavement.

"Urck is about one mile in length, the raised part is only a few acres in extent. All the houses are here, and they are tastefully grouped round a village green. The houses are of brick and wood. The people are lively, well clad, healthy, and strong. The church is full on Sunday, and the school is crowded every day. I was soon put into a '*logement*,' where a good old lady gave me coffee in a tea-kettle and a cup full of some sort of gum for soup. Fresh-water (caught from the sky) was raised out of a deep cistern, and a cuckoo clock sang forth the hour. The crowd of gazers followed me round their island home all day, and peered into the window of my room even through the smallest chinks. One big sailor came respectfully when I was in the curious cupboard called here a bed, and sat smoking his pipe and simply staring, amazed. These people all live within a few inches of the waves, and their interest in a voyager who comes alone to visit them is of course most natural. Our conversation was animated, but unintelligible.

"The 'mooder,' or landlady, brought in two raw potatoes in her hand to ask if I would like some food, and every word spoken by the guest was repeated and discussed in loud tones by the crowd assembled in the kitchen. To reach this island in bad weather is dangerous. Even in this glorious summer I had to pass one night in my boat on the banks of the Yssel in going out, and then at sea the land was quite invisible, all round being so very low. But on my return voyage there was a favoring breeze, though the sea was high, and the Rob Roy ran the twenty miles at a rapid pace. The island of Schokland, closer to the shore, is a long narrow strip, and I went to see it, but there are no people there except the light-house men, and really it is not worth the trouble and danger of the trip.

"The Zuyder-Zee is almost fresh-water in most parts, and very muddy in color. It is exceedingly shallow, and one can anchor in almost any part; but this shallow water has always the worst 'sea' in bad weather, and even in calm days this sea seems never at rest.

"Holland, however, is just the place for a canoe voyage, as the rivers, lakes, canals, islands, and seas are all approachable on the shores, having no cliffs or rocks, and almost every where you can find a house.

"The Dutch seamen are a hardy race, and very kind to the traveler. Every sailor doffed his hat to me in passing, even in the smallest creek, and much of my time has been spent in returning a universal salute, though that is not easy in my costume of a red night-cap."